

tatler

21 JULY 1965 2s. 6d.

& BYSTANDER



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FORWARD AT
FASHION



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tatler

and bystander volume 257 number 3334

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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Looking forward at fashion, the girl on the cover wears a Mexican hand-printed cotton dress brilliantly striped in zinnia colours, 9 gns. The straw hat with the frayed-out brim costs 10s, both at Mexicana, 89 Lower Sloane Street. The gilt hoop earrings by Corocraft cost £1 5s. at Harrods. The lipstick is Campanule by Guerlain. Photograph by Michael Cooper. More forward looks on page 122

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 31 July.

Brighton Antiques Fair, Corn Exchange, Brighton, to 24 July.

King's School Week, Canterbury, to 25 July.

International Horse Show, White City, to 24 July.

National Flower Arrangement Festival, Horticultural Halls, Westminster, today & 22 July.

Goodwood Races, 27-30 July.
Canterbury Cricket Week Ball, Howe Barracks, St. Martin's Hill, 30 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. supper and breakfast, Littlebourne 297.)

Macleod Parliament, Dunvegan Castle, Skye, 29 July to 3 August.

Cowes Week, 30 July-8 August.
Shiplake Summer Ball, The School, Henley-on-Thames, 30 July, in aid of the new pavilion. (Tickets, 35s., double £3, from the secretary, Shiplake Court, Henley-on-Thames.)

Oxford Game Fair, Shotover House, Wheatley, 30, 31 July. (Details, Major A. A. Miller, REG 2712.)

A Fox's Frolic, organized by the Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt at Marston St. Lawrence House, 31 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. champagne buffet supper & breakfast, from Mrs. Roscoe, Ickford 240.)

Dublin International Horse Show, 3-7 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Bath, today; Sandown Park, Catterick Bridge, Lanark, today & 22; Newbury, Ayr, 23, 24; Newmarket, Warwick, Ripon, 24; Alexandra Park, Nottingham, Stockton, Edinburgh, 26; Redcar, 27-29; Goodwood, 27-30; Thirsk, 30, 31 July.
Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, 31 July, 2 August.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. South Africa, Lord's, 22-27 July.

POLO

Cowdray Park: Goodwood Week Tournament, 24 July-1 August.
Tidworth Tournament, 3-8 August.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Medway Regatta, Upnor, 22, 23 July.
Poole Centenary Regatta, 24 July.
Staines, Bedford Regattas, 24 July.
Plymouth Week, 24-31 July.
International Powerboat Trophy, Southsea, 24, 25 July.
Doggett's Coat & Badge race, London Bridge to Chelsea, 22 July.

CROQUET

Open Championships, Hurlingham Club, 26-31 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Albert Hall. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, to 11 September.

Royal Festival Hall. Rostropovich ('cello) with L.S.O., cond. Rozhdestvensky, 25 July, 1 August, 7.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Bolshoi Ballet, Royal Festival Hall, to 21 August. Mon-Fri, 8 p.m. Sat, 5.30 and 8.30 p.m. with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (WAT 3191.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert. Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, 8 p.m., 24 July. (last concert.) **Holland Park Concert,** City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 25 July. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

Country House Concerts. **Claydon House,** Bucks., Rostropovich ('cello), 8.30 p.m., 22 July; **Dyrham Park,** near Bath, Raymond Leppard (harp-sichord), Bernard Richards ('cello), Robert Tear (tenor), Gerald English (tenor), 8 p.m., 24 July; **Stourhead,** Wilts., Delme String Quartet, 3 p.m., 25 July. (PRI 7142.)

Fenton House, Hampstead, Delme String Quartet, 8 p.m., 28 July. (PRI 7142.)

Camden Chamber Music Festival, Camden School for Girls. Allegri String Quartet, 7.30 p.m., 23 July. WEL 8418.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Giacometti Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 30 August.

Leger, paintings, 1918-38, Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

Morris Louis, Whitechapel Gallery, to 25 July.

Lord Mayor's Art Award Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 5 August.

John Semmence, paintings & drawings, F.B.A. Galleries Suffolk St., Pall Mall, to 24 July.

Neil Murison, New Vision Centre Gallery, Seymour Place, Marble Arch, to 24 July.

Leonard Rosoman and John Selway, Roland, Browse & Delbanco, Cork St., to 31 July. (See Galleries, page 133.)

30 Centuries of Iranian Art, Hamilton Galleries, St. George St., Hanover Square, to 28 August.

Vasarely, Calder: Brook Street Gallery, to September.

Harold Cheesman, watercolours; **David Koster,** lithographs. Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 29 July.

New Artists, Alwin Gallery, Brook St., to 30 July.

FESTIVALS

Hintlesham Festival, Hintlesham Hall, near Ipswich, to 1 August.

Bexhill Music Festival, 26-30 July.

Southern Cathedrals Festival Chichester, 29-31 July.

SON ET LUMIERE

Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 4 September; **Southwark Cathedral,** to 11 September.

EXHIBITIONS

Shakespeare Exhibition, Stratford-on-Avon, to 19 September.

Canadian Way of Life Exhibition, Stanley Park Showground, Blackpool, to 11 September.

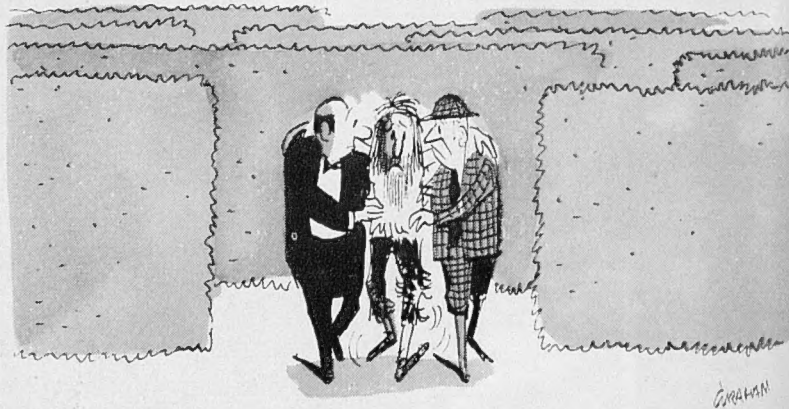
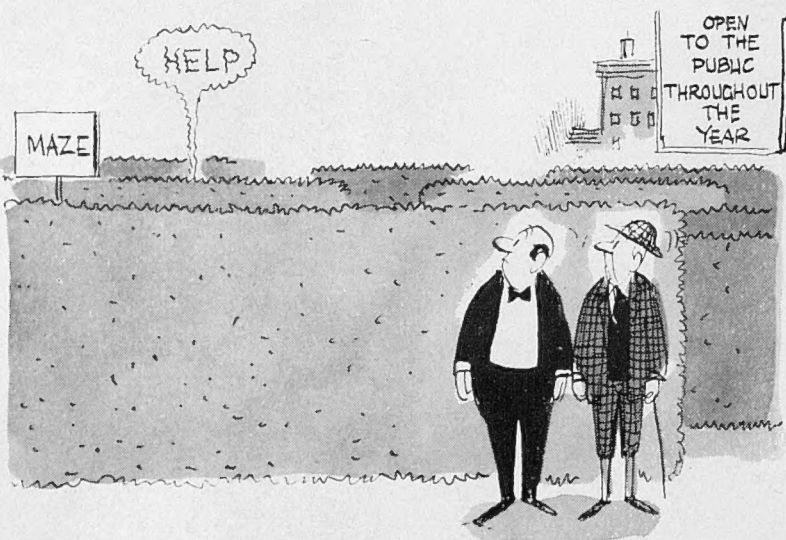
Kipling Centenary Exhibition, Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to 31 October.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 3 October.

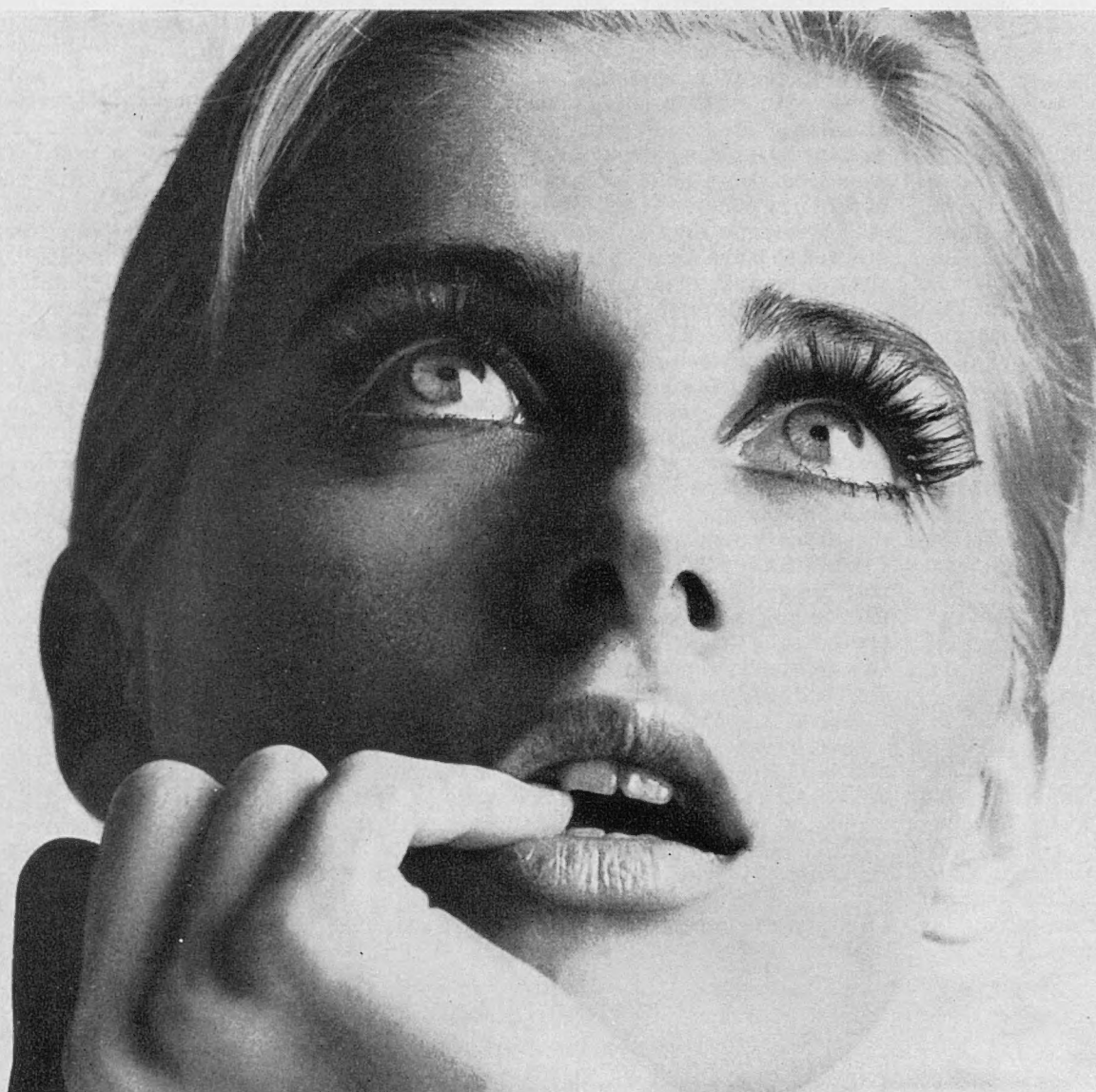
British Craftsmanship, Design Centre, Haymarket, to 30 August.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, Market and Exhibition, Painswick, Gloucestershire. 1 to 21 August, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekdays.

BRIGGS by Graham



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Doone Beal / Europe's sleeping beauty

GOING PLACES ABROAD

One is tempted to attribute the mellowing influence of Bordeaux to its great wines. It is a trader's and not a tourists' city, but the nature of its trade has left its people unhurried and courteous. Its boulevards are broad and gracious, lined with elegant 18th-century buildings. Victor Hugo described it as: "a curious town; original, and, possibly unique. Take Versailles, mix it with Antwerp, and you have Bordeaux."

It is appropriate that a restaurant should epitomize the city. Walk through Dubern, a rich grocery shop full of tinned *confit d'oie* and *foie gras* and fruit bottled in cognac. Climb the stairs to the rose lit restaurant of the same name, above, that has been in the family for over a century. Service is a slow motion ballet of girls and women in black bombazine and starched white cuffs. The high priest (the ambiance is more than faintly churchlike) is old M. Dubern himself, incanting over his polished copper tureens of *écrevisse* and *lamproie* as they come steaming out of the kitchens. Apart from its other distinctions—including two Michelin rosettes—Dubern is one of the few French restaurants I have ever known to serve food on hot plates.

Aside from its Gothic cathedral and the smaller, but interesting, Eglise St. Seurin, Bordeaux is for people who enjoy city walking rather than for pure sightseers. Its covered market, for example, is a delight to the senses, such are

the cheeses and fresh *pâtés*; iridescent fish and pink velvet fillets of veal, together with scented heaps of peaches and apricots, banks of roses and lilies. Considering the two hour flight to London, it is not an outlandish thought to shop there and in the neighbouring *charcuterie* for one's homecoming dinner, as I once did.

Bordeaux's theatre, too, is worth a look for the sake of its charming rococo interior. Visitors during the coming few weeks can still see, at the Museum, the collection of French paintings which have been loaned by the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad (the first time they have been allowed to leave Russia), before they are transferred to Paris.

But the object of a visit to Bordeaux must be the vineyards. The noblest of all, those of the Haute Médoc, stretch, rich and flat, along the southwest banks of the Gironde: Margaux, St. Julien, Pauillac and St. Estèphe; Châteaux Latour, Margaux and Lafite (the three Grands Crûs), Mouton Rothschild and Beychevelle unroll before you, signposted as they might be among the country lanes of Essex. Nearly all the châteaux, especially 17th-century Beychevelle, are architecturally beautiful, their creamy stone offset by flowers and lambent lawns and shady trees. At Mouton Rothschild one is greeted by a flurry of white doves and three fierce Alsations who hurl themselves at the end of their chains but allow one to leave the premises without a growl. There are

serried rows of barrels, and a candle-lit mosaic of symmetrical, dark bottles. The cellarman takes a giant-sized pipette and draws from a cask of '64, decanting it into a tasting glass. The approach of the professional is part chemist, part farmer. The amateur picks up some interestingly irrelevant scraps of information through a maze of bonhomie and statistics. Personal contacts within the wine trade are by far the most rewarding, but not imperative: otherwise, the best plan is to visit the Maison du Vins or the Syndicat d'Initiative in Bordeaux itself. Visitors who provide their own transport to the vineyards are usually welcomed.

Bordeaux is the closest airport base for the Dordogne area, of which I wrote a few weeks ago. But less exploited (and, in fact, closer) than that is the country that borders the north eastern banks of the Gironde estuary. A winding road, marked yellow on Michelin's map, flirts with the coast through Mortagne and Talmont and Meschers, culminating in Royan. Bombed almost into extinction by the Allies in 1945, Royan has been entirely rebuilt and (as only the French could do it) it has been well done. Two casinos, lots of waterfront restaurants, a dozen Michelin-listed hotels (and three times that number that aren't), plus a very fair beach, cater to the conventional holiday crowds.

But to me Royan would be the base from which to explore some of the most lovely landscape I have ever seen in

France. In English terms it is perhaps closest to an enchanted Essex with a touch of the Dorset hills, but a myriad of comparisons come to mind. The houses are built of honeyed stone, with long tiled roofs, almost smothered in creepers and tall hollyhocks. Lilies and roses, petunia and magnolia bloom in walled gardens, spilling over into narrow lanes. But the inns of the village hamlets advertise "*Chambres—caviar—crevettes*", where their English counterpart would offer B & B and Teas. The Gironde estuary is unique in France (and, as far as I know, in Europe) for sturgeon; and, though it is expensive to buy in the shops, you can get a passable portion of caviare for 8 francs in the country pubs. The same shallow waters breed crevettes, pike, oysters, eels.

At Talmont, perhaps the prettiest of all the estuary villages, the Rue des Douanes is a shady grass track, overhung with elder trees. The whitewashed cottages and the Romanesque church overlook seas of shining mid and bright green rushes. I noted a small hotel, the Estuaire, which costs 15 francs for a double room, bidet and basin; the absence of elaborate plumbing hereabouts should keep it inviolate for quite a time.

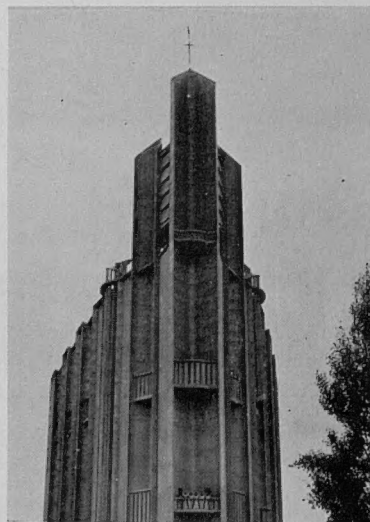
Meschers, a few kilometres away from Talmont, has a Michelin-starred restaurant called the Grottes de Matat. Clinging underneath a steep cliff face and over-hanging the water, its situation alone is unique. Add to that the view over the estuary, by now so broad that the other banks is only a thin line; and the sunlight that stripes the shallow waters green, bronze and yellow under the racing western clouds. Settle on the terrace, pick up the menu and consider the choice between caviare and oysters; grilled eel, *quenelles de brochets* or *chiffonade de crab*...

But need I go on? This whole area of Charente is one of Europe's sleeping beauties; an oasis of small hamlets and harbours, cornfields and lesser vineyards. Ox-drawn carts are more likely competition on the yellow roads than other cars; and you forget where last you saw a glorious little church, for in 10 kilometres there have been almost as many.

BEA's twice weekly flights, direct from London to Bordeaux, take two hours, and cost £28 return on Tuesdays, or £36 if one travels on Friday, when weekend fares apply. Self-drive cars may be hired from BEA at the airport.



Chateau Laurétan whose medium sweet white wine has long been classed as a Premier Grand Cru of the beautiful commune of Langoiran



The boat-shaped cathedral church in rebuilt Royan

PHOTOGRAPHS: GEOFFREY HART

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.S. . . . Wise to book a table.

Andalucia, 80, Heath Street, N.W.3. Open luncheon and dinner 6 p.m.-11.30 p.m. (HAM 4111). The elegance of this Spanish restaurant is notable, and beauty is not an exaggerated word to use about it. I did not try the Paella Valenciana, which I heard praised, but enjoyed the Suprema de Pollo Capricho very much. The gazpacho was disappointing. The mainly Spanish wines are of sound quality. The Valderrin, a dry white wine, is not dear at £1 per bottle; nor is the Rosado Rosé at 13s. A carafe costs 11s., again good value. For those who like a red wine with any amount of body I commend the Castel Pommal at 26s. This is a cheerful amusing place, with the Heath nearby on which to spur the appetite.

A special occasion

If you have a friend by whom you want to do particularly well, it is a good plan to go to Grosvenor House, see the restaurant manager, Mr. Joseph Rigotti, and give him 24 hours notice to arrange for two dishes that I enjoyed greatly there recently. They are Sole en Soufflée Prince de Galles and Caneton Farci Pommeranienne. The sole is boned and stuffed with a mousse of sole and spinach, braised in white wine and garnished with mushrooms, tomatoes, and scampi. It is finished with a lobster sauce. It is delicious and much lighter than my description suggests.

The other is a classic dish that Joseph remembers from his days at the Carlton Hotel. An Aylesbury duckling is stuffed with currants and sliced apples before roasting, and is served with green peas and Pommes Armandine. The secret is that the duckling takes up a delicate flavour from the stuffing. And what to drink with these dishes? I would suggest a glass of Schloss Bockelheimer 1959 with the fish, and Château Ausone, Premier Cru, St. Emilion 1955, with the duck. This is a splendid wine with a fine, almost brown colour.

Wine note: Red but chilled

My guest looked slightly shocked when I chilled the red

wine to go with the cold turkey and ham. But the wine was Austrian, a Morandell 1959 Kalterersee Auslese, estate bottled, and he agreed later that for summer drinking it was correct to chill it. A wine of quality, it is equally pleasant *chambrée*. Its retail price is only 13s. 6d. a bottle and it can be obtained from The Soho Wine Merchant, 3 Greek Street.

A family affair

In England today the number of hotels and restaurants run by families are regrettably few. **The Blue Dolphin** at New Romney in Kent (on the Folkestone to Hastings road, and only a short distance from Lydd Airport) is run by Mr. & Mrs. Roy Woodman. Mr. Woodman looks after the comfort of guests in the small and pleasant dining room with a friendly smiling waitress, while his wife and daughter are busy in the kitchen, where they produce out of the ordinary dishes such as duckling with an orange and brandy sauce, coq au vin, and some fine gateaux. There is a wine list with most of its items under a guinea a bottle. The minimum charge for dinner is 12s. 6d. It is wise to book your table as the 'locals' know it well. They have a small number of rooms and here again it is wise to book ahead. (Tel. New Romney 3224.)

Cigar note: Mouthpiece in fashion

Cheroots, or small cigars, with built-in mouthpieces, have been the fashion in the U.S.A. for some time past. James J. Fox of Dublin and Old Bond Street, London, tried them on the Irish market and found they went well, so have now introduced them to Britain. Known as Petitip, they are packed in packets of five to sell at 6s., and at that price they are good value for the money. They make a mild pleasant smoke down to within half an inch of the mouthpiece. In some sense this is a return to Edwardian fashion, when cigar-smokers used amber holders with gold bands.

. . . and a reminder

Connaught Hotel Restaurant, *Carlos Place*. (GRO 7070.) *The best of English food, married to the finest of French wines, makes a wonderful combination, but there are many French and Continental dishes as well.* **Vivian's**, 25 Basil Street. (KEN 1723.) *Good food and fine wines in interesting, amusing company and pleasant surroundings.*

Correction: *The Restaurant at White House, Regent's Park, is known as The White House Restaurant (EUS 1200), not as The Albany.*



Model Joanna Lumley, left, and this-year debutante Lady Mary Gaye Curzon have their faces "blown up" to 4 ft. high in Tom Hustler's photographic exhibition, *Fresh Faces*, which opened recently at his restaurant and discothèque, *The Darkroom*, in Maddox Street. The exhibition is open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and nightly from 8.30 p.m. to 3 a.m. and will run for three months

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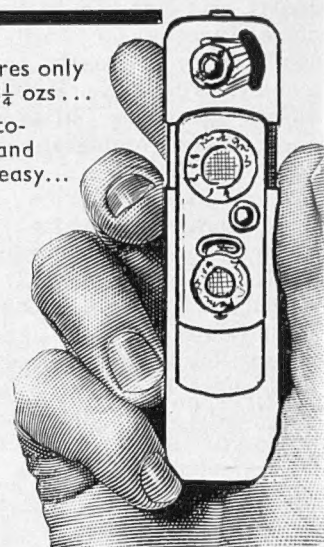
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THE QUICK-CHANGE PRINCESS

It takes skill to slip off your jacket on horseback but Princess Anne is an accomplished horsewoman and a no-hands obstacle course presented no difficulties to her during the comedy activity ride in which she competed at Benenden's riding school Open Day, on her pony Jester. Princess Anne, a schoolgirl at Benenden, will be 15 next month

A Royal night at the Opera

The Queen and Prince Philip attended the gala performance of *Tosca* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Maria Callas who sang the title role on the

gala night—illness prevented her from fulfilling planned later engagements in London—was presented to the Queen after the performance

Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn



The Countess of Drogheda and Sir David Webster, General Administrator of the Royal Opera House



The Duchess of Rutland



Viscountess Hambleden



The Duchess of Westminster

The Queen and Prince Philip arrive for the gala performance. Muriel Bowen describes the Queen's dress on page 108



Viscountess Bearsted



Lady Egremont

Robin Hood and Housing

A soirée was held at the home of Pamela Lady Glenconner in aid of the Kensington Housing Trust Holiday Fund. She and Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler received the guests and later

Sir Keith Joseph, Bt., Minister of Housing in the last government, spoke on "Robin Hood and Housing." The aim of the Trust is to provide holidays for tenants who could not otherwise afford one

Mrs. Rudolph Weisweiller, the organizer of the soirée, Miss Brenda Breakwell, the housing manager who was recently awarded the M.B.E., and Mr. Rudolph Weisweiller

Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler, chairman of the publicity committee, and Pamela Lady Glenconner at whose home the soirée was held



Mr. Christopher Norman-Butler and Mrs. Simon Ashton

Lady Arthur, wife of Sir Raynor Arthur. She is a member of the publicity committee

Lady Pepler, chairman of the Kensington Housing Trust

The Day they celebrate

The American Society in London held their Independence Day Dinner & Dance at the Dorchester and the principal guest was Admiral John S. Thach.

The American Ambassador, Mr. David K. E. Bruce, proposed the toast of "The Day we celebrate"

Lady Brittain, wife of Sir Harry Brittain, and Rear Admiral Tully Shelley, U.S.N. (Rtd.) who is a member of the Executive Committee of the American Society

Admiral & Mrs. John S. Thach. He is Commander in Chief of the United States Naval Forces in Europe and, as principal guest of the evening, replied to the toast of "Our Guests"

Mr. David K. E. Bruce, the United States Ambassador, proposes the toast of "The Day we celebrate"



Lady Porchester, wife of Lord Porchester



Mr. & Mrs. Laurence C. Bergquist. He is chairman of the American Society in London



Mrs. David K. E. Bruce, wife of the United States Ambassador

Cheers for Tosca and planes at Deauville

By Muriel Bowen

Shouts of "Bravo Maria" greeted Maria Callas at the end of the gala performance of *Tosca* before the Queen at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. When the royal family left hundreds of people in ball gowns rushed forward as Madame Callas emerged from the stage door. A couple of hours earlier Mme. Callas had looked pale and nervous, almost as if performances like this one were becoming too great an ordeal. For the previous 24 hours she had not left her Savoy suite. This was mainly to avoid the Press—there were some 25 reporters keeping a round the clock rota. She spent the time sitting in her suite watching television.

But after the performance Callas looked a different person, happy, even relaxed, as she drove off to join KING UMBERTO OF ITALY, BARON ELIE DE ROTHSCHILD and others in celebration. There was no doubt about her triumph.

TOSCA WITH PANACHE

There are always the people who grumble about the Royal Opera House but this performance was carried through with the greatest panache, a triumph for the EARL OF DROGHEDA, SIR DAVID WEBSTER (who was decorated for his work by the Italian Government two days later) and LADY DIANA COOPER who was chairman of the Gala committee.

When Callas sings at Covent Garden it takes the staff three weeks to sort and answer the 10,000 postal requests for tickets. Before this particular performance the black market

price for a stalls seat zoomed to a record £100.

There were hundreds of gorgeously dressed women. The Queen, whose box was decorated with cascades of flowers, wore the dress of palest pink with all-over embroidery in which she attended the Munich Opera Gala during her recent State Visit to Germany.

The COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA wore a white, enchanting dress, the bodice appliquéd with black leaves decorated with pearls, and a delicate semi-circle of diamonds in her hair. LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT was in palest lime green silk, and LADY BAGRIT (who had cleverly arranged a substantial meal for her party in the interval) was in palest blue with a matching embroidered top.

Quite the most outstandingly beautiful woman present was VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN, very tall, very dark with a slim coat and dress of white voile embroidered all over in silver. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON was there and others I saw included Mr. & Mrs. JACK RASHLEIGH BELCHER, Mr. MONTY LOWRY CORRY, LORD & LADY RUPERT NEVILL, SIR NICHOLAS & LADY SEKERS, SIR ASHLEY & LADY CLARKE, LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTHAL, LORD & LADY EGREMONT, and MIRIAM LADY MARKS OF BROUGHTON, the vice-chairman of the gala.

COUNTRY DANCING—I

The dance given by the HON. Mrs. PETER SAMUEL for the coming out of her daughter, Sarah, at their country home in Berkshire was perfect in every detail.

A soft light shone on the pale brick house with its wisteria and climbing dark red roses. Some of the tall trees in the garden shone a vivid green, others remained dark olive, as if in repose.

Indoors the theme was blue and green with both the hostess and her daughter in dresses in those shades. At the foot of the stone steps leading to the lawn at the back there was a

marquee of blue and green stripes, with dancing in a white trellised pavilion in the centre and chairs and tables set round. The night club was quite small, and inky black, with a floor of shining gold.

The guests in Berkshire included LORD COHEN, MAJOR JOHN & the HON. Mrs. WILLS and their daughter, MARILYN, Miss FIONA FORSHAW-WILSON, SIR JOHN FOSTER, Q.C., M.P., Mr. CHARLES CLORE, Mr. & Mrs. ANTHONY GREENLY and their daughter, SARAH, Mrs. PATRICK GIBBS, Mr. & Mrs. ANTONY NORMAN, Miss ANGELA SHEFFIELD, Miss VANESSA DE LISLE, LORD ANTHONY RUFUS ISAACS, the HON. Mrs. PALMER and LADY ILIFFE.

COUNTRY DANCING—2

Another gay and amusing coming out dance was given by BARONESS VON WESTENHOLZ in Hertfordshire for her daughter ANTOINETTE, sister of the two Olympic skiers. This was a dance where only the very young and the very fit (Olympic training was definitely an asset) saw it through. Two particularly vigorous beat groups set the party alight. The sound reverberated across the valley for at least a mile.

NO SLEEP FOR THE DOGS

When Mrs. REYNOLDS-VEITCH gave a coming of age party for her granddaughter Miss JILL ALBERTINI at The Stud House, Hampton Court, she gave her dogs sedatives beforehand with hopes that they would sleep through the noise. But at 4 a.m. the dogs, still awake, insisted on going downstairs to see what was happening.

Miss ALBERTINI, daughter of Mr. BILL ALBERTINI who now lives at Lismore in Ireland, and of Mrs. DENIS FIELDER, announced her engagement a few days after the ball. She is to marry Mr. MALCOLM CRAVEN, son of Mr. & Mrs. NORMAN HODSON from Yorkshire. Her fiancé was at the ball as were many of her young friends from Cambridge. Guests included: Mr. HUGH FIELDER, Miss SARAH



Mr. Warwick Gregory of the Hurlingham Club signals the state of play in the bowls match between the Club and the Law Society



Mr. J. W. Ching prepares to bowl. He came in to make up the Law Society team



Rival captains Mr. L. E. Cox of the Hurlingham Club and Mr. J. R. Lane who led the winning Law Society side

BAKER-SMITH, Miss JANET CHISWICK, Miss TESSA FIELDER, Miss THEFFANIA STONEY, Miss CORNELIA CARTER, Mr. RICHARD CUTTING and Miss MADELINE TUTHILL.

Stud House is a lovely old place dating from the Restoration. Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch has furnished it beautifully with many of the things she had at White Lodge in Richmond Park. This was the house that the Government borrowed from her as a residence for Marshal Tito during his visit in 1953. Dancing was in a gold and white marquee reached from the Orangery which was hung with baskets of flowers in vivid colours.

THE PLACE FOR PLANES

While staying with friends in Hampshire I popped over to Deauville for a couple of hours to watch planes land for the annual air rally. One thinks of Deauville as being a place to visit in August for parties and polo and yearling sales. The air rally has a similarly exciting atmosphere. Since my last visit ten years ago—I crossed the Channel in a tiny plane with the late Lord Brabazon of Tara—the rally has grown enormously.

The sky was thick with planes as we approached the airport—Rapides, Comanches, Chipmunks and Cessnas—in all some 300 aircraft.

THE FLYING PRINCE

PRINCE PHILIP arrived at the controls of a jet thereby increasing speculation as to whether small executive jets are to be added to the Queen's Flight. WING COMM. & Mrs. G. H. BRIGGS came in a smart Comanche with COL. & Mrs. I. HARRISON. Mr. & Mrs. V. H. BELLAMY landed in their tiny Auster, the MARQUESS OF HEADFORT flew over from Ireland, and I saw Mr. & Mrs. L. H. RIDDELL emerge from a Rapide.

The whole rally was a gigantic feat of organization for GROUP CAPT. E. N. RYDER,

the secretary of the Royal Aero Club, who had brought over five members of his staff to ensure the efficient running of the show.

PARTY WITH HELICOPTERS

Another air occasion that has become an annual event is the Helicopter Rally which Mr. & Mrs. CHARLES HUGHESDON hold in the gardens of their home Dunsborough Park, one of Surrey's historic buildings.

It was amusing to have tea on the sunny lawns and watch guests arrive in their helicopters. MAJOR GEN. & the HON. Mrs. CROOKENDEN came in a Westland Scout. Brantlys were used by Mr. R. G. PILKINGTON, Mr. TOMMY SOPWITH, and Mr. DENIS DE FERRANTI. One pilot when asked who his three guests were, said that they were all mechanics! All the helicopters seemed very air-worthy to me, even the ones that looked like horizontal light pylons with a ball of transparent plastic forming a cabin at one end. They also looked lovingly cared for, rather like vintage cars. There wasn't a concours d'élégance but if there had been I think the prize would have gone to Mr. T. R. D. KEBBELL's machine.

Increasingly helicopters are hired to take parties to race meetings and other sporting fixtures. Commercially the hope is that they can land on floating platforms on the Thames as is done in some cities abroad.

STRAWBERRIES AT THE ROYAL

There is a great deal more to the Royal Show than handsome horses, cattle and sheep. It is the country occasion of the year, the time more than any other when the country gets together for a great exchange of news and gossip. The fact that there is also an array of luncheon and cocktail parties adds to the general sense of occasion. This year the National Farmers Union ran a strawberry fair. It proved an inspired idea, selling five tons of strawberries and 100 gallons of cream!

Mr. FRANCIS PEMBERTON, the show director, & Mrs. PEMBERTON were entertaining in a large pavilion. COL. & Mrs. KENNETH MACKENZIE had a party of Chileans to lunch in the members marquee where I also saw LORD & LADY LEIGH on whose place, Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, the Royal now has a permanent home.

Mr. & Mrs. ANTHONY GREENLY had a lunch party at his firm's stand, and also entertaining at their firm's stand were Mr. & Mrs. JOHN ROSS who had a buffet lunch for 48. They served the most delicious fresh lobster flown up from the coast that morning.

PULL-IN FOR FARMERS

Looking particularly pleased was SIR HAROLD WOOLLEY (overseas business this year was especially high) and others I saw included Mr. & Mrs. WALTER GILBEY, Mrs. PAT KOCHLIN-SMYTHE, Mr. & Mrs. JAMES MANN, Mr. HUGH SUMNER, COL. & Mrs. HUGH STEPHENS (very bronzed after their yachting trip to Greece), and Mrs. EDGAR VIVIAN whose daughter Caroline was helping with the family Jerseys.

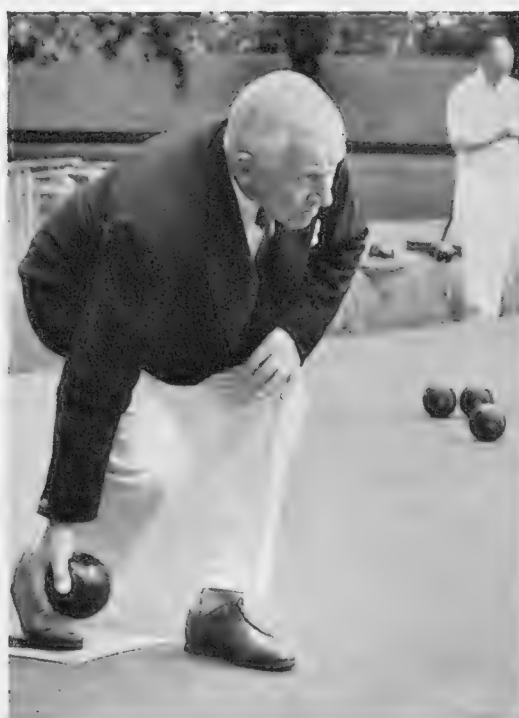
Though the North has never been happy about "The Royal" having a permanent home in Warwickshire, the Stoneleigh site could not be bettered from the motorist's point of view because of its closeness to the M1 and M6. Arriving on the morning of the first day I had neither to queue nor to slow down on the approach.

MEDALS AT COWES

The Royal Yacht Squadron celebrates its 150th anniversary this year. What promises to be an especially good ball takes place at The Castle during Cowes Week. Each starter in its regatta that week is to get a bronze medal. A silver medal will go to the winner of each race. Both medals will bear the Squadron's Coat of Arms.



Mr. William Tarling, from Brighton, played for the Law Society team



Mr. W. E. Duckfield of the Hurlingham side



Hurlingham player Mr. A. V. Walker



PHOTOGRAPHS BARRY SWAEBE

Umbrellas for the bride

Miss Clarissa Kindersley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Kindersley (*below*), was married at St. Mary's Church, Market Drayton, to Mr. Richard Congreve Hall, son of Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Hall (*bottom*), of Hales Hall, Market Drayton. There were six bridesmaids and a reception was held at the home of the parents of the bridegroom. A guard of honour was formed from the Shropshire Yeomanry



Letter from Scotland by Jessie Palmer

A fascinating exhibition, *Four Centuries of British Shipping*, is at the Municipal Gallery, Dundee. There are more than 100 pictures, all the recent work of the well-known marine artist, Col. Harold Wyllie, who lives at Dunkeld. Now 85, Colonel Wyllie tells me that he still paints regularly, though it is now some years since he had his last exhibition—in a Bond St. gallery.

The Colonel paints not only ships but historical incidents associated with them and one of his exhibition pictures, *The Battle of Camperdown*, has already been bought by Dundee Corporation. It will hang in historic Camperdown House which is to be made into a museum by the corporation. Colonel Wyllie tells me he has collected books on ships since he was 15 and he has specialized in naval architecture. "Modern ships," he says, "have their own type of beauty. They're just as fine as sailing ships in their own way."

Over the years he has also built many ship models. Probably his most famous is that of the *Victory* which is now in the *Victory Museum* at Portsmouth, insured for £10,000. It was commissioned by Admiral Mountbatten and took four years to complete. Typically, Colonel Wyllie enthused more over the beautiful wood carving done on it by his old friend, Captain C. K. Bampton, than over his own efforts. The exhibition includes an aquatint of the *Victory* on the restoration of which he helped. There is also an aquatint of the *Implacable*, a ship for which he obviously has a very soft spot. He worked on its restoration by direct labour for nine or ten years between the wars. The work had to be stopped at the outbreak of the last war and Colonel Wyllie then took over the naval training of youths on board the *Implacable* in Portsmouth Harbour. He gave his picture of the *Implacable* to be raffled at a recent party held at Dupplin Castle, the home of Lord and Lady Forteviot, to raise money for the King George's Fund for Sailors.

Colonel Wyllie has had a vivid and varied career from commanding the 3rd Volunteer Company of the Buffs in the South African War to serving as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps throughout the 1914-18 War and finally serving in the navy in the last war. One of his pictures depicts a scene of which he was an eye witness when he "did a couple of convoys in the North Sea" in the *Whitley* in 1939. It shows the *Whitley* rescuing men from a burning tanker.

He comes from a family that was both artistic and sea-going. His father was W. L. Wyllie, R.A., who, though a good figure and landscape painter, is probably remembered primarily as a marine artist. "My father and mother were always very keen on cruising," Colonel Wyllie recalled. "And I had my first cruise with them when my quarters were a foot bath on the cabin floor." The exhibition will be open until the end of this month.

Travelling people

The Countess of Haddington must be one of our busiest personalities. She always seems to

be in the thick of it, working for several charities at once, but managing at the same time to give an impression of unruffled enjoyment. Lately she has added another "good cause" to her list. She has become President for East Lothian of the Sue Ryder Forgotten Allies Association.

But, fortunately, it isn't all work and no play for Lady Haddington. She tells me that she and her husband and two of her sisters from Montreal, the Misses Dorothy and Audrey Cook, have just come back, by way of Austria, from a motoring holiday in Italy. Lady Haddington's sisters, who are at present staying with them, will be returning to Canada in October.

Another travelling member of the family is Lord and Lady Haddington's son, Lord Binning, who is at present in Turkey in the course of a world tour with two friends. He is hoping to go to a farm near Sydney in September and to spend about four months altogether in Australia. "He's enjoying it all very much," Lady Haddington told me. "And even their Land-Rover seems to have stood up to the journey very well, which is remarkable considering that it had already done 35,000 miles before they bought it."

The guards as hosts

Edinburgh had a happily hectic week of garden parties, balls and other social gatherings during the recent visit of the Queen and Prince Philip and right into most of the festivities were the Scots Guards who were up in Scotland at the time, partly to do some training in the Highlands, partly for the 2nd Battalion to receive their new colours from the Queen who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

The Regiment entertained the Queen and Prince Philip at a ball in the Assembly Rooms. It was organized by Col. George Ramsay, Lt.-Col. Commanding Scots Guards, and about 600 people attended, including the Duke of Gloucester, who is Colonel of the Regiment, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Atholl, Lt.-Gen. Sir George Gordon Lennox, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command; and Lady Gordon Lennox, and Major-General John Nelson, Major-General Commanding Household Brigade, and Lady Jane Nelson.

The Assembly Rooms provided a splendid setting for displaying not only the 2nd Battalion's new colours, but the old ones as well which, I'm told, will later be laid up somewhere in Scotland, but probably not this year. The ball programme offered a mixture of Scottish and modern ballroom dancing and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh danced a set reel with the officers of the Regiment and their wives.

The Scots Guards also held a gathering at Redford Barracks where they were stationed during their stay in Edinburgh. This was attended by about 3,000 serving and retired servicemen and their families. The officers of the 2nd Battalion entertained friends at Surgeons' Hall and the warrant officers and sergeants of the Battalion held a reception in the state apartments at Edinburgh Castle for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at which about 600 guests were present.

The Scots Guards will be returning to London towards the end of July.

A NEW TYPE OF PERSON

By J. Roger Baker

The interpretive artist adapts to the conditions of the age. Centralization of young acting talent into national repertory companies, ease of world travel, the experimental impulses observed in other countries, the cinema's cultivation of the big personality have all helped to create a new type of person. Though there is always space for the individual charisma of a Callas, a Fonteyn, a Dame Edith Evans, the age of the Great Lady of the Stage seems to be passing. The actress, the ballerina and the soprano who here indicate how they fit into the changing picture are all young, all possess a strong individual following and are all adapting to the new conditions.

1. THE ACTRESS

Maggie Smith was one of the first people to be invited to join the National Theatre company. Previously her career had followed the old pattern, glittering in a succession of long-running plays. "Actors today," she says, "are more interested in acting than in being part of a long run. During my spell in *Mary, Mary* I was able to take a Cordon Bleu cookery course during the day but by the end of the run I was practically hanging from the picture rail. You must do lots of things, which is why the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company are so healthy."

The first time she went to the theatre she saw *The Shop at Sly Corner*. "I thought oh



no, I don't want to go *there* again," a not particularly promising reaction from a little girl who would one day become an actress herself. She was born in Ilford in Essex, but went to Oxford High School for Girls when her parents moved out there. Later she went to the Oxford Playhouse School where she did the usual jobs, like assistant stage manager, while learning about the stage. There was no parental opposition to this career: "My twin brothers became architects. Now this was way out as far as my parents were concerned, so I suppose they just gave up when it came to me."

This nervous, flip approach informs much of what she says and makes for a consistently entertaining narrative. Coming up from her cottage in the country to the Old Vic by car sometimes makes her slightly late for rehearsals. "I ring up and tell them and they say oh yes, Miss Smith, but they don't believe me, you know. Yesterday I got stuck behind a lorry in the Blackwall tunnel and its petrol tank blew up, all smoke and flame. I just sat there. It was like something out of Fellini's *8½*—but I'm sure no-one believes me." The telephone in her flat rang, it was answered but she wasn't summoned to it. "It's not for me," she sighed. "I'm a failure."

Failure is something Maggie Smith has not yet had to face—though she has been in the occasional unsuccessful play. From Oxford she went to Edinburgh to take part in a revue which later came to the Watergate Theatre Club. Then she appeared on Broadway as a comedienne in *New Faces '56*, and this was followed later by her first decisive appearance in London sharing the lead with Kenneth Williams in *Share my Lettuce* which immediately cast her as a revue artist. She will never do another revue, she says: "It can ruin you."

Mainly comedy roles followed, notably in *Mary, Mary* and in Restoration and Shakespeare with the Old Vic in their 1959 season.

"The National Theatre has given me an opportunity to extend my range considerably. I am very much aware that I have certain tricks and mannerisms, but I am now going through a period of trying to strip them away and build again." Opportunities are frequent for her with the National Theatre. Among the serious parts she has attempted are Hilde Wangel in *The Master Builder* (or Hilda Bangles, as she calls the role), and Desdemona in *Othello*, a controversial performance unpleasing to the younger critics but highly thought of by the older generation of theatre-goers. At Chichester this summer she plays the title role in *Miss Julie* opposite Albert Finney.

Playing Beatrice in *Much Ado* this year gave her an opportunity to work with Franco Zeffirelli which was, apparently, stimulating if unnerving: "It is very difficult for English actors to become Italian overnight. He says 'be excited, make a lot of noise'—so what do you do, mutter 'marry come up' or something? He was all over the place, doing *Tosca* in Paris at the same time, then I had this really weird wig to wear."

Humility is a strong characteristic of Maggie Smith's approach. She says: "I went tripping in to do *The Rehearsal* thinking I knew the lot, but Alan Badel soon sorted me out. I learned a lot from him." She has made potent appearances in films—notably *The V.I.P.s* and *Young Cassidy*—but finds it impossible to combine filming with acting on the stage. She also dislikes the lack of team work in filming which means often that she

can do all her scenes without meeting more than a few of her fellow actors in the film. As to the future she sees no clear picture of her progress: "I really can't say what I want to do, any particular role, for example, I rely on others to tell me, to come up and say try this."

2. THE BALLERINA

Lynn Seymour has the reputation—frequently repeated in criticisms of her work—of being a rebel in the ranks of the Royal Ballet.

"So many times those tags the Press attach to artists are annoying because they are only half true. But as far as calling me a rebel goes, I don't mind. In fact I'm rather pleased because it draws attention to what I'm trying to do and what I believe in. I *am* a rebel, but chiefly against the way ballet is put over at the moment. Ballets are, after all, about people, and that's what should be put across. There should be a lot of difference between the various princesses in ballet; the stories themselves are dramatic and sometimes frightening. But the ballets all seem to emerge the same, just pretty fairy stories, the heroines identical. And fairy stories . . . well, they can be wonderfully vivid and dramatic and exciting."

Professionally Lynn Seymour is developing in a different direction from that of her dancing colleagues due mainly to her association with the clever young choreographer Kenneth MacMillan. It was when she was with the touring company that she created a leading role in his ballet, *The Burrow*. His ideas and hers coincided, they stimulated each other's creative impulse. Other MacMillan ballets followed, notably *The Invitation* in which she plays an innocent teenager raped at a party, and *Images of Love*, a dance expression of themes suggested by lines from Shakespeare. "I loved doing that, it gave me a chance to be ugly and evil, something I hadn't attempted before."

MacMillan's latest work is the astoundingly successful *Romeo and Juliet*. There was much comment that the ballet was *really* created for Lynn Seymour and Christopher Gable. "The point was that Margot and Rudi were away dancing during the early rehearsals and a lot of the ballet was worked out with Christopher and myself."

Lynn is now 26 and approaching the height of her powers. She is married to Colin Jones, a photographer attached to the *Observer*. He used to be a dancer himself with the Royal Ballet but doesn't go very much now, "mainly because I don't enjoy it really. I soon discovered I was not going to be a particularly good dancer so I left the company. I went to Lynn's first night in *Romeo* but I'm not the sort of husband who goes to the theatre every time his wife is performing. From the working point of view there is a lot in common between Lynn and myself. For one thing both the *Observer* and the Royal Ballet have the same sort of Establishment attitude—with all its faults and virtues, so we are always running up against the same sort of problems in our careers. Also we have to practise the discipline of working by ourselves. I know Lynn has a choreographer to work with, but basically it's up to the dancer herself to do the exercises and work out her roles."

While preparing her *Juliet*, Lynn read her Shakespeare and found the play marvellous: "I was also able to take ideas from it and find out what was going on in Juliet's mind when she takes the potion, for example, and the bit



MICHAEL PETO

about the hands in the ballroom scene." (When *Romeo and Juliet* meet in the play they share a sonnet *If I profane with my unworthy hand*, which is translated into visual terms in the ballet.)

Lynn's future is closely related to that of the ballet itself. If it continues as now, mainly pretty, the outlet for her special genius will be limited. The chocolate box image of a statuesque young man in white tights and a floppy bow supporting a dainty ballerina has little appeal for Lynn or for her frequent partner Christopher Gable (who is also creating a breakaway image): "Even the most brilliant passages in ballet have a dramatic purpose," explained Lynn. "The *Rose Adagio* for example is about a young girl being wooed by her suitors. When I dance this I don't think about the steps, but about what the girl is thinking as she receives the roses. Of course the dancing must be good but I believe there is a lot more to it. When I try to project this inner, dramatic quality, people say it is at the expense of technique, and if this is so then that suffers at the expense of true expression through the body, of acting if you like."

But audiences seem happy with the parade of indistinguishable ballerinas, the critics (Lynn calls them "enthusiastic fans") seem to react timidly to her blows for individuality. "I keep saying I'm going to give in my notice—but I never do." (Continued overleaf)



ROMANO GAGNON

3. THE SOPRANO

Heather Harper has been singing professionally for ten years. She came to London from her home town, Belfast, to study for a career as a pianist. "All the family had done something in music, so I did. But I don't really think anyone thought I would ever become a concert pianist." Then she turned to singing: "In 1955 I did *Violetta*—the complete role—in a television production of *La Traviata* and the telephone hasn't stopped ringing since." At the moment she is on a three month round-the-world tour which started in America. After a holiday in Fiji she continues the tour with concerts in America, then takes a holiday in Hawaii before returning to London.

During her decade of singing, Heather Harper has appeared all over the world, has sung most kinds of music and made herself at home on the opera stage. Her approach seems to be one of happy acceptance of whatever comes her way, but this does not imply any indiscriminacy. "I like what I happen to be doing at the time, but I do prefer romantic music. At one time I was getting associated with very modern music and was always being asked to perform it, but it is hard to the voice and I try not to do it very much now. I quite enjoy doing opera, but I wouldn't like to be a member of a company, it is much too time-wasting. Covent Garden says I could be on their register any time I liked, but I much prefer making guest appearances." Her last guest

appearance was in *The Tales of Hoffmann* during the Christmas period, and her next will be during the *Ring* cycle that opens the 1965-6 season when she attempts her first Wagnerian role—that of Guttrune in *Götterdämmerung* which she will prepare during her sojourns in the Pacific.

During the last two years she has also become associated with the music of Benjamin Britten and has sung in performances of his *War Requiem* more than 40 times. During her present concert tour she is including an early and little known work of his, a sort of vocal concerto called *Our Hunting Fathers*, written in 1937.

Heather Harper prepares her roles herself; being such a proficient pianist helps, as does having perfect pitch, and she is helped considerably in the smooth running of her career by her husband, Mr. Leonard Buck, who gave up teaching, through illness, to become her manager. He runs another business as well, but arranges his time to be with his wife as much as possible—on the present trip for example. Neither he nor his wife ever get the feeling that he is taking second place and it is quite clear that if ever the time arrived when she had to choose, the career would be sacrificed for the marriage: "One has to work at it," says Mr. Buck, "but I think in our case we have succeeded in achieving the perfect balance."

Easy travel is both an advantage and a disadvantage to a world artist like Heather Harper. On one hand it allows her to accept

engagements that are far apart, but on the other there are certain traps. The altitude can affect the voice, for example, and what is a light irritation in Rome becomes a full-blown, vocally-paralysing cold in London. Concert promoters, too, forget that travelling is tiring and that the time changes have an effect, expecting a soprano to walk freshly off an aeroplane and do a concert almost at once. It is not a settling life, and Heather Harper is both a keen gardener and an expert cook, loves entertaining on a small, friendly scale and places high value on a well-balanced home life. Looking into the future, she says: "Perhaps very soon no-one will want live music at all, with so many records being made." She has only just acquired a gramophone and possesses no records, not even of herself. "I prefer a live performance," she says, "even with flaws. I hate pre-recording a concert for the B.B.C. for example."

She is very much aware that a vocal career is necessarily short, and would prefer to give it up while still in her prime rather than totter on with a failing voice. "And I would certainly give it up to have a baby."

A singer's life is far from placid: demands for appearances come from all over the world, the range expected of a soprano has never before been so wide—anything from Bach to the most modern material—but Heather Harper has come to terms with it all and mastered well conditions that would have seemed outrageous even 40 years ago.

THE SHOCKING HAZARDS OF PUNCTUALITY

by Diana Graves



I have, in spite of myself, a certain affinity with Tennyson's irritating Maud who seems so singularly unable to come into the garden when she is expected:

"The red rose cries 'She is near, she is near',
And the white rose weeps 'She is late'."

As the poet points out, she is icily regular; yet the unfortunate creature, suffering clearly from a temporary neurosis, is unable to keep her assignation and leaves him to commune all night long with the flowers which, for an ardent lover, is not a first class situation. I bet my bottom dollar that she wanted to be, perhaps not dead on time, but five or ten minutes late in order not to appear too eager, and then she lost her head and went upstairs to change her clothes, dab *papier poudré* on her splendidly null features, put on shoes more suitable for the dew-damp garden and then, petrified at the thought of either possible seduction or intellectual deficiency, started mugging up 'The May Queen' to keep the ball of conversation tossing, fell into a reverie, and from hence into a profound sleep.

This, if I may coin a phrase, is my life. I was brought up by a series of chauvinistic French governesses to believe, with Louis XVIII, that punctuality is the politeness of Kings, but the older I grow the more I realize that punctuality is simply a question of coinciding with other people's sense of time. Consider hairdressers, for instance. I long and yearn to be on time both for their sake and for mine, but I cannot help noticing that if I arrive on the dot for an appointment I shall be left marooned and throttled by a nylon overall in some backwater of the establishment for half an hour, gazing with distaste at an idle, narcissistic fellow-client, chattering away in the chair I should be occupying, simpering at her reflection in the mirror, drawing in her cheeks to look like Garbo or pouting her lips in a Bardot *moue*, and generally behaving like a maniacal sou-brette of a certain age. If, however, I try to arrange it so that I am a quarter of an hour late, and will consequently have less time to hang about, the previous client has missed her appointment and I am in the doghouse. I cannot win.

Trains, of course, are just as difficult to contend with. I am, and always have been, desperate to catch them, but they are as volatile as laughing gas. Even their information service seems to go to pieces when you telephone and ask at what time you should leave Waterloo in order to get to Petersfield at 12.15. Only the other day I made this very enquiry and was told by a clerk, his voice flat with disinterest, that both the 10.50 and the 10.57 would get me there on time. Not wishing to bestride the two locomotives like a female Colossus I took a taxi to Cooks and bought a first class reservation on the 10.50, only to find that I had to change at Haslemere and wait for the 10.57 to catch up and take me on to my destination. What really disturbed me was the fact that nobody would tell me how early I should arrive at the station in order that I should be on time for the actual getaway; consequently I arrived more than an hour prematurely at Waterloo, and was only prevented from catching the 9.50 by a holiday-maker who, no doubt as anxious as I was to preserve the rules of punctuality, impaled me against the railings with his suitcase, causing me sufficient concussion to prevent me getting past the ticket collector and therefore arriving at Petersfield one hour in advance of my welcome.

With editors, lawyers and bank managers I always aim to be half an hour early in order to collect my poor scattered wits. This becomes so unnerving that I am obliged to leave the waiting room and walk for an hour round the block, thus arriving late and causing nothing but ill-feeling.

The B.B.C. is a different kettle of fish on account of the lifts. The fact is, that if one proposes to reach Studio B.4 to give some dullish talk at 2.15, there is not a hope in hell of getting there. This is on account, partly, of the sliding door sliding shut before one can get out on the right floor, and partly because Broadcasting House employs so many people that they are all pressing buttons at the same time, and one is shuttled up and down like a yo-yo at such fearful speed that it is impossible to discover where one should actually emerge. I was once found in floods of tears, stuck, as I feared, forever in this lift and a martyr to ad-

vanced claustrophobia by the late Gilbert Harding. He was immensely kind, pushed me out at the first landing stage and, taking my hand, led me up the stairs to my destination. Now I've learnt the knack of asking a porter to conduct me to the appropriate studio and he is so inured to my anxiety that he doesn't let me loose until he had made sure that I am actually seated in front of the microphone and roughly in my right mind.

Of all the cities I know, Rome is the most traumatic as far as punctuality is concerned. When I went to live there I was invited to a house-warming party for seven o'clock and, turning up on the dot, found my hostess still in bed with her architect. She explained, with breath-taking lack of originality, that when in Rome, one should do as the Romans do. The first precept for social success, it appeared, was never to turn up on time. I pondered over this for a few months and eventually reached the conclusion that one must cater for national idiosyncrasies rather than for those of the individual. Consequently, if one had a polyglot dinner party due to start at eight, one invited the Italians, who are invariably two hours late, for six o'clock. The Americans are only an hour late, so they have to be bidden for seven. The Germans, pre-supposing they are invited, arrive on time and upset all the arrangements. The English, hampered by Continental *laissez-faire* and the hazards of the sirocco, turn up half an hour early or half an hour late, and can at least be relied on not to cause a crisis in the kitchen. This also applies to the French. The fact that one is unlikely to sit round the table before ten is neither here nor there. The important thing is that one has done one's best not to disturb international psyches.

Now, back in England, I wonder if it wouldn't be a happier situation for me if I stopped trying altogether to be punctual and established myself instead as the personification of demurrage. I should like to be treated with the same affectionate indulgence as the Second Earl of Chatham who was so unpunctual that he was called, even in his lifetime, the late Lord Chatham.

6 ON A SHOESTRING

There are a good many involved in the struggle to break the film barrier in face of the industry's recognized apathy towards young, independent talent, but David Castell picked just six as representative of the men and women to whom the cinema is a compulsive and highly personal means of expression. They find their own money, their own performers and their own subjects, unsupported by any group or consortium. But the industry is interested in experienced film makers, and as this country has no state film schools, newcomers can only gain that experience by shoestring experiments with a view to some kind of commercial screening—in television programmes like BBC's *Monitor*, in festivals, in international film competitions, through the British Film Institute's libraries or, rare but ideal, on a limited circuit release under the wing of the more sympathetic film companies like British Lion. Crispian Woodgate took the photographs

Malcolm Johnson, Philip Méheux and Michael Appelt started making films together in 1960 when they founded Studio 16 (right). They made two shorts, *A Candle for Christmas* and *Lorena* before planning *House of Cards*, a 30 minute drama centring round the Korean war. Previously they had financed their films by selling some of their equipment and taking dead end jobs, but *House of Cards*, from an original idea by Johnson, called for a budget of £2,000. They spent more than six months in a concentrated canvass for patronage, and found a backer willing to raise £1,000 on condition that his offer was matched, only to have to abandon the project for lack of the balance. Undaunted, they planned a smaller production *One is One*, again from a script by Johnson, a study of the effect of a bad environment on the individual. The budget of £400 was raised, an unsolicited donation of £50 coming from professional director Muriel Box who read about their project, and shooting began with £3,000 worth of hired equipment. The film is now virtually complete with synchronized sound effects and an original score.

Méheux and Appelt (left and right) are with the BBC and hope to become film cameramen; Johnson (centre) works in graphic design. All three are in their mid 20's and plan to continue making films as Studio 16. Johnson feels strongly that there should be a national school of film technique to help young enthusiasts but from his own point of view maintains that a probable £150 a year in fees could be more profitably put to independent production. Initiative and ambition, he says, open all the necessary doors. "Setting up an independent film production is difficult, but not impossible. If you have enough conviction and are prepared to sell everything, nothing can stop you."





Carey Harrison and Larry Boulting (left), sons of actor Rex Harrison and film producer Roy Boulting, got permission to film Ernest Hemingway's short story *The Sea Change* simply by writing to the author's widow. Shooting was arranged to coincide with their Easter university vacation and the story, about the end of a love affair, was transferred from Paris to a Chelsea setting so as to keep within their £300 budget. Location work was filmed at Cambridge where Carey (21) is a third year English student at Jesus College and Larry (20) a second year English student at Peterhouse College.

Carey (on the right) is the director and Larry (on the left) the cameraman; their actors were undergraduates David Collins and technical college student Susan Kingsford. *The Sea Change* had an undergraduate crew of seven and seven months of planning went into the eight day shooting "with a ghastly camera." They are hoping their film will have a public screening and Larry aims to go into film production when he leaves university.



Georges Robin (left) is a young Anglo-Frenchman now making his first feature film *You Have Nowhere To Go, Baby* on location in and around London. It is the story of a French girl played by Robin's actress wife Danièle Noël (also pictured) who comes to London and gets involved with a young anarchist, and has been conceived entirely in terms of cinema from an original script.

Robin (28), who came to England in 1940, trained with Huw Wheldon's BBC documentary school. A number of his film studies, including those of the Aga Khan, Louis Armand and Philippe Lamour, have been shown on BBC-tv. Robin's aim is to bring something of the French style to British film making and to this end he is shooting *Nowhere To Go* almost exclusively on location, with a small crew and to a comparatively small budget of £25,000.



Outside of private enterprise and philanthropic backers, the British Film Institute is unique in supplying money for the amateur film maker to test his wings. Their Experimental Film Fund was set up in 1952 with a donation of £12,500 from supporters in the film industry and received a further grant of £10,000 from the Gulbenkian Foundation in 1957. Tony Richardson (*A Taste of Honey* and *Tom Jones*) and Karel Reisz (*Saturday Night* and *Sunday Morning*) were two of its protégés when they collaborated on a film called *Momma Don't Allow*, one of the less than 50 per cent that has proved profitable. The BFI's largest grant was one of £2,000 in 1955 to Lorenza Mazzetti for a film called *Together*: now the fund is exhausted and must be suspended when the six films now in production are finished.

The most ambitious of these is *Herostratus*, a 100 minute feature in Eastman Colour and widescreen, directed by Don Levy (above), first post-graduate film student at the Slade School. *Herostratus* is the story of a young exhibitionist contemplating suicide who wants his death recorded by all the mass media, and puts his imminent demise in the hands of an advertising agency; it is the core of a story written by Alan Daiches, son of Prof. David Daiches. Levy's concept has mushroomed from an original idea of a 70-minute black and white feature: he received equal contributions of £1,500 from the BFI and the BBC, and the balance of the £4,500 budget was raised by James Quinn, then director of the British Film Institute, and from donations and facilities offered by the trade. The bulk of the shooting was done between last summer and March of this year and the film is now at the cutting stage. Right: The unit on location, actress Inès Levy, editor Marcel Wolfers, assistant director "Ponji" Robinson, director Don Levy, assistant Colin Sherman and lighting cameraman Keith Allams





Christopher Miles (right) made his first short film, *The Umbrella*, in Paris four years ago, financed partially by his film school and largely from his army pension. An impressive line of guarantors encouraged his bank to supply the money for *The Six Sided Triangle*, a 30-minute film satirizing the styles of six countries in filming the eternal triangle theme. Fortunately for him (two of the guarantors had last-minute doubts) he recovered the money, which he accredits to the fact that British Lion distributed the film after his star, sister Sarah Miles, had made her first impact on the public in *Term of Trial*. He was then commissioned to direct a short comedy, *Rhythm 'n' Greens*, featuring *The Shadows*, and this chain of films led to his first full-length feature, a Frank Ifield musical called *Up Jumped a Swagman*, which he has just finished shooting on a small budget at MGM's Boreham Wood Studios.

At 26 he is one of the youngest British film directors and accounts these shorts as the only ladder to his present success. He demonstrated his encouragement of young film makers by joining the judging panel of last year's international Ten Best amateur film competition, sponsored by Fountain Press, but laments the use of the word "amateur" in connection with the kind of achievement mentioned in this feature. When *Up Jumped a Swagman* is out of the cutting room (distribution towards the end of this year) he will start another short, a personal impression of the first two days at a public school. "Almost a horror film," he says



After four films for BBC-TV, *The Polite Invasion*, *The Prosperity Race*, *Lords of Little Egypt* and *The Do-It-Yourself Democracy*, Mai Zetterling (right) and her husband, David Hughes, financed a 15-minute short in which they expressed their fear of the arms race through the allegory of two small boys at play on a London rooftop fighting for a toy gun. *The War Game* won the Golden Lion of St. Mark's as the best short narrative film in the 1963 Venice Festival and was to be the catalyst in Miss Zetterling's campaign to establish herself as a film director. "I had a five-year plan," she explains. "We had our problems in setting up *The War Game* and finally financed it ourselves. Nobody would put up the money for a short film and the theme discouraged them further. It will take us years to get our money back, but it will have been worthwhile."

Worthwhile because it was with this film under her arm and a script adapted from Agnes von Krusenstierna's seven-volume novel, *The Misses von Pahlen*, in her hand that Miss Zetterling returned to her native Sweden, where she studied drama and made her first film, *Frenzy*, in 1943, and managed to set up her first feature film, *Loving Couples*, now at the Cameo-Royal, Charing Cross Road. The Swedish cast includes Harriet Andersson and Gunnar Bjornstrand and the film was shown at Cannes this year. In October she starts a second feature in Sweden, again from her own script, and aims quite definitely to give up acting in favour of direction, which she finds so much more creative. When she was photographed, Miss Zetterling was rehearsing Strindberg's *Dance of Death* with Paul Scofield. ATV will present the play this autumn





LOOK OUT

Fashion by Unity Barnes. New fabric trends among the new clothes coming into the shops after the sales—some quite serious, some frankly for fun, but all positive impact-makers. Photographs by Vic Singh.

LOOK OUT FOR OP

Optical art—the trompe l'oeil play of patterns in black and white—stolen straight from the smart art scene and put on to fabric. Rose Marie Reid harnesses three dizzy designs for a trio of late-summer beach clothes.

Far left: Way-out beach pyjamas with a hooded, rib-length jacket, 11½ gns. Black patent sandals, 7½ gns. at Kurt Geiger, 5 New Bond Street.

Left: A dotty, spotty cotton swimsuit and long shirt, swimsuit 12 gns., shirt 7½ gns.

Right: A dramatic, slit cape, belted half way round, 9 gns.

All clothes exclusively at Harvey Nichols next week.





LOOK OUT FOR FELT

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Firework dresses, designed for a brief, glorious, flashy life, in poster-coloured felt.

Far left: Grass green schoolgirl dress with a long mid-section of sharp lime green. By Susan Small, 10 gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Kempthornes, Richmond.

Left: Mod-length dress in bright orange, with cut-out purple flowers around the skirt. By Susan Small, £10 15s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Kempthornes, Richmond. Shoes, 7½ gns. at Kurt Geiger, 95 New Bond Street.

Right: More felt, here in black, scalloped and tramlined with white rick-rack braid, 6½ gns. at Harriet Boutique, 8 Gregory Place, W.8.

LOOK OUT



LOOK OUT





LOOK OUT FOR MOIRÉ

Far Left: There's a big revival ahead for moiré, seen at its newsiest and best in sooty black. Caroline Charles makes a characteristically simple little dress, white-banded and buttoned with jet, 10 gns. at Berkertex, Oxford Street

LOOK OUT FOR CHEVRONS

Left: Chevron and herringbone patterns will be among the great looks this autumn: here, an all-out winner in cut velvet, with black chevrons raised above white faille, a big black-edged collar, 26 gns. at Wallis, Knightsbridge, London and Manchester; Darlings, Edinburgh



LOOK OUT



LOOK OUT FOR GROOVES

Corduroy—from the widest rib to the finest needlecord—will be all around this autumn, spelling out a groovy pop-fabric story.

Far Left: Wide grooves on a bronze corduroy battledress suit with dark metal buttons, 19½ gns. at Jaeger, Regent Street, late August.

Left: Narrow grooves on a mustard yellow corduroy coat with jewelled buttons on the collar and cuffs and a skirt to match. Coat, 15 gns., skirt 5 gns., both at all branches of Young Jaeger, August 1st.

MUSIC COMES TO AMBERLEY

Music came to St. Michael's (*below*) the 12th century parish church of Amberley, Sussex, with the second of two concerts organized by Miss Avril Coleridge Taylor in aid of various charities in the diocese of Chichester. Soloists included David Thompson, violin, Anthea Kent, cello, Donald Francke, baritone and Olive Davies, piano. Miss Coleridge-Taylor, daughter of the famous composer and herself a distinguished conductor and composer, conducted the Boys' Choir of Great Ballard School with W. G. Lawson as soloist. *Right:* Donald Francke sings *A Lament*, by S. Coleridge-Taylor. *Below right:* Miss Anthea Kent at the reception held in the Vicarage after the concert. *Opposite page top:* David Thompson and Miss Coleridge-Taylor give the first performance in England of her own work *Fantaisie*. *Centre:* Mr. M. Sugden, headmaster of Great Ballard School. *Bottom:* Lady Reid Dick and Richard Baker, the speaker at the concert





on plays

John Salt / Before the flood

Once upon a time there was a love story. It involved a handsome Crown Prince and a mysterious baroness who may have been a spy and it ended in death for both of them at a hunting lodge some distance from Vienna. The violent passing of Rudolf at Mayerling did not launch a world war—that distinction was left to his cousin Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo a quarter century later—but it did establish even to the mind of the time the odd heartlessness of the Habsburg world and the profound inefficiency of the secret police whose duty it was to help maintain that world.

Both these points are made at some length in John Osborne's new play **A Patriot For Me** at the Royal Court Theatre. The play has nothing to do with Mayerling, with Rudolf or the Vetsera. Its hero, anti-hero, anyway its central character, is Alfred Redl, a young Jewish career soldier in the Imperial and Royal Army, played without charm but with enormous conviction by Mr. Maximilian Schell. The Imperial and Royal (K.u.K.), according to a programme note, was something of a democratic institution. Though its higher command might be the province of members of the Imperial Family there remained room in its officer corps for promotion through merit. Certainly Herr Redl has plenty of merit. It is noted at once by his commanding officer, Lt.-Col. Möhl (Clive Morton) who is the more pleased since his protégé is one of three cadets selected for senior service. Another of the three is a certain Lieut. Kupfer, and the Colonel—without unbending too far to his junior—implies to Redl his distrust of Kupfer and regret that promotion should come without effort to men born with silver spoons in their mouths.

He regrets also that Redl himself should have been so lacking in judgment as to act as second to another young officer, a Jew named Siczynski, at the duel in which Kupfer kills him. Redl regrets his mistake but hastens to add that the occurrence was pure accident and that his own acquaintance with the dead man was of the slightest. Somewhere at this point a cock should have crowed twice but did not.

Redl continues to ascend the military ladder, his special bent is Intelligence, and he

becomes a spy catcher. Such men are watched under all regimes yet never until the end of the play—a period ranging from 1890 to 1913—does it dawn on higher authority that there is something very odd indeed about Alfred Redl. Indeed, it takes Mr. Osborne himself some nine scenes to establish the fact for the benefit of his audience. The high point of the play is the transvestite ball given annually by the Baron von Epp, a majestic figure in dowager fig with a high-built hairdo and a bust that conceals, or attempts to conceal, the person of Mr. George Devine.

Alfred Redl appears at the ball in his army uniform, many of his brother officers attend as Circassian slaves, as courtesans and countesses and very pretty they are. The guest of honour is Judge Advocate Kunz (Ferdie Mayne) who lets his hair down once a year at the Baron's ball, an indiscretion known only to a favoured few. Redl's own indiscretions with brother officers, troopers and casual pickups remain unknown to the Austrian secret police but have been discovered by his opposite number in Russian Intelligence. Money changes hands, a great deal of it, and all of it black. Redl is now a traitor but he remains to all intents a happy man, certainly a successful and confident one. He is at ease at last with women because he no longer needs to prove himself with them. He can afford to be gracious to them though not to his erstwhile mistress, the Countess Delyanoff (Jill Bennet), who in revenge marries one of Redl's own lovers.

Redl's self-discovery is well done, it is compassionate and it invokes both pity and a certain esteem for the victim. But the process is too long drawn. This is not just a play about a homosexual soldier and the decay of a monolithic society, this is an attempt to embrace the whole human condition and the sorrows of man. It fails because Mr. Osborne lacks the necessary intellectual and emotional equipment, but the effort is honest and noble despite its longueurs.

Alfred of course gets his come-uppance in the end which is why his story is a matter of record in the Austrian archives. Having denounced a Russian spy ring in Cracow he is taken to task by his Tsarist paymasters and throws to them as

Continued from page 131

a sop his own assistant in Moscow. And who should this be but Major Kupfer, whom most of us have forgotten after three acts and twenty-three scenes. Finally, a parcel of Russian roubles addressed to Redl and awaiting his collection is found by the secret police at the Vienna Post Office. It is Colonel Möhl who now determines the course of events. He and Kunz—ironic touch—visit Redl in his flat and leave him with a Browning pistol and a manual of instruction for its use. They wait outside in the street for the reassuring crack of the gun.

on films

Elspeth Grant / The cynical fugitives

It was impossible to remain for any length of time unaware of The Beatles—they came at one from so many directions, there was simply no dodging 'em—but without taking any deliberately evasive action I was able to ignore the existence of The Dave Clark Five until I ran across them in their first film, *Catch Us If You Can* (U). I still don't know what endears them to their innumerable fans or why their discs sell by the million because, unlike The Beatles in their first film, Mr. Clark's lot do not appear as themselves: there's nothing at all to indicate that they are a pop group—which is surely a pity, as straight acting is decidedly not their forte.

In this amiable, rambling little piece they figure as stunt men for TV commercials and they seem to be a nice enough bunch—less closely knit than The Beatles but on the best of jokey terms with one another. The slender story is concerned with the adventures of Mr. Clark and Barbara Ferris, soulful little star of an "Eat More Meat" advertising campaign, on their way from London to an island off the Devon coast where the dear girl hopes to find peace.

Their brush with a bevy of way-way-out beatniks in a deserted village under bombardment by the military on manoeuvres is jolly good fun—and so is a demented fancy dress "do" at Bath, where Mr. Clark and Miss Ferris are the mystified guests of a rum and rather sinister married couple (splendidly played by Yootha Joyce and Robin Bailey)—but John Boorman, directing, is inclined to let the camera loiter

In another year the world would go to war and Austria-Hungary would cease to be. The Emperor himself would die and with him would be swept away the proud K.u.K., the Field Marshals, the Herzogin and the Erzherzogin and all the hapless, pitiful Alfred Redls. But while Redl's life spun its way to death a boy was growing to manhood in the frontier town of Linz who in the fullness of time would open the floodgates of wrath on the map of Europe and drench all its pastel shades in a lambent red. His name was Adolf Hitler, about whom a truly terrifying play could be written. I nominate Mr. Osborne for the task.

overlong on the landscape.

I was as impatient as Mr. Clark to reach the journey's end—and more surprised than anybody that Peter Nichols, the scriptwriter of a film so obviously conceived as a "young and carefree" romp, was boldly adult in introducing a final sourish note of disillusion. His dialogue is good, his side swipes at the advertising game and the Press are blithe and boyish but I had an uneasy feeling that Miss Ferris's juvenile philosophizings were meant to be taken seriously. How little they matter, Mr. Nichols himself demonstrates: Miss Ferris's agent (excellent David De Keyser) has only to surround her with reporters and photographers and she's back in the rat race, as gay as a grig, while handsome Mr. Clark stands by sulking.

I would not have believed it possible for anyone to make a perfectly charming, lyrical and idyllic film about adultery and suicide but this is what Agnes Varda, who wrote and directed *Le Bonheur* (X), has done. François, a young carpenter living in a small provincial town, is blissfully happy with his wife, Thérèse, and their two small children. (The parts are beautifully played by Jean-Claude Drouot, his real-life wife, Claire and their enchanting offspring.)

François still loves Thérèse as much as he did when he first married her—still delights in their love making and the tranquil domesticity with which he is surrounded. Their pleasures are simple—a picnic in the woods with the children, a party with friends and relations—and a more contented and united

family could not be imagined. One should, perhaps, in the circumstances be deeply shocked when François takes a mistress—Emilie (Marie-France Boyer), a pretty young girl from the Post Office—but somehow his happiness in this new relationship is so innocent, one cannot condemn him.

He loves his mistress but this does not make him love his wife any the less. He honestly believes a man can love two women at the same time and do harm to neither. He is so free from any sense of guilt that he tells Thérèse of his love for Emilie—mistakenly assuming she will condone his infidelity because, as she can see for herself, he is happier than he has ever been before. This would be a good deal to ask even of a highly sophisticated woman. It is altogether too much to expect of such a single hearted little creature as Thérèse: she drowns herself.

François is inconsolable for quite a long time but gradually life readjusts itself. He marries Emilie, she devotes herself willingly to him and the children, the home becomes a home again, the family a family once more—and happiness returns. Is this an amoral film? I don't think so. It is just natural and warm and human, the love scenes have an innocent rapture about them—the vibrant joy of ardent young people in

physical harmony—and though they are no doubt the reason why the Censor has imposed an "X" Certificate, I defy you to find any offence in them. The colour photography is ravishing. It is, in my opinion, a most beautiful and beguiling film.

If you're in the mood for a really nostalgic experience, do see Edmund Goulding's 33-year-old *Grand Hotel* (A). My dears, what a cast! Peerless Garbo as Grusinskaya, the fading ballerina to whom a love affair gives back youth and radiance; John Barrymore as the weak and penniless Baron Gaigern who meant to rob her of her pearls but hasn't the heart when it comes to the point; Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein, the down-trodden little factory worker with not long to live, gallantly squandering his hard-earned savings on one great final spree; Wallace Beery as Preysing, the coarse, crooked businessman who kills poor Gaigern—and Lewis Stone as The Doctor, the lonely man, who haunts the Grand Hotel like a ghost, a wistful onlooker to whom nothing ever happens. We shall not look upon their like again. Joan Crawford, of course, is still going strong but I doubt if she has ever given a better performance than she does here, as Flaemmchen, the pert Hotel stenographer who's not above a spot of prostitution on the side.

on books

Oliver Warner / Indisputably great

Despite the claims of at least two other biographies of merit, I have no shade of doubt that pride of place should go to George Painter. The second, long awaited volume of his *Marcel Proust* (Chatto & Windus 40s.) sustains every scrap of the impetus and skill that were so startling in the first. He now takes the great French novelist up to the end of his brief and extraordinary life, omitting nothing, however sordid, and putting every scrap of information into properly digested form. It is, of course, essential to know the great sequence, *Remembrance of Things Past*, to get the fullest value from Painter's achievement: nevertheless, his biography can be read on its own, and, if appreciated, it will lead on to the discovery of one of the indisputably great works of the present century.

It is hard to imagine a greater contrast to Marcel Proust than the obscure parson, the Rev.

Patrick Brontë, who was father to three sisters of genius, and who outlived them all. His story is unfolded in great detail in *A Man of Sorrow*, by John Lock and W. T. Dixon (Nelson 63s.). This book is commended by the Archbishop of York, though not, I hasten to say, as a work of art. It is a chronicle, full in scope and even in temper, of the life of a lonely man who, so think the authors, was maligned in Mrs. Gaskell's classic life of Charlotte Brontë. Personally, I believe that the authors justify their pleading—and one fact shines out clearly from this monumental book; how generously Patrick behaved when the Gaskell book was published. The Brontë library is already large, but few will wish this book away, for though the authors have none of Mrs. Gaskell's charm, and write at times in a style which it is charitable to call pedestrian, they have used their material to great advantage.

To have burnt Louvain, shot Edith Cavell, and worshipped Adolf Hitler is a lot for one nation to live down. The first two events have their proportioned place in **Edith Cavell: Pioneer and Patriot** by Dr. A. E. Clark-Kennedy (Faber 30s.). The patriot was shot in 1915 for helping men to escape a network of German occupation; the pioneer did as much as any other single woman to further the progress of nursing, particularly in Belgium. Edith Cavell, without doubt, deserves her statue near St. Martin-in-the-Fields, poor though it is. This book will do to preserve alive the memory of a brave woman.

A novel with an original theme and sharp edged writing is **A Grotto for Miss Maynier** by F. C. Ball (Hutchinson 21s.). The lady of the title lives in a ramshackle country house, chiefly in memories and imaginings. Her life and character become the study of the narrator, a boy from a solid working class family who is hired on Saturday mornings to work in Miss Maynier's grounds. Miss Maynier has all the well bred arrogance of the gentry, and this the boy at first resents, then surrenders to, and is finally disarmed by. The skill of the work lies in the sympathy with which both characters are conveyed.

How different is **Silence**, by Yuri Bondaryev (Chapman & Hall 25s.), a novel of post-war Russia. It is a good novel, well translated by Elisaveta Fen, about life during the last few years of the Stalinist régime, and one is glad to recognize the author's verve and vitality. But how sick I am of meeting the same ingredients in every single work which comes out of modern Russia. The episodes here include the betrayal of an

old Communist, who has given all his life to the cause, by a malevolent neighbour, and one continues to doubt whether the Russians will ever learn anything about public, as opposed to private, relationships and decency.

Briefly... Compton Mackenzie, in **My Life and Times**, Octave Four 1907-1915 (Chatto & Windus 35s.) soldiers on in his manful way. There are good things in it, as in every "Octave" so far published, but the incidents are often too trivial to justify the space they are afforded, and I must register disappointment at having read so much of the material before, in different disguises... **Good Fish from the Sea**, by Helen Burke (Deutsch 21s.) is by an expert well known to this journal who can make ones mouth water as fluidly as any gastronome now writing. Just recovered as I am from a spell of insipid Baltic fish, I could wish some of the cooks in northern parts would read and mark Helen Burke's subtler recipes. I have already tried the kedgeree and it is first rate.

The Round Mosaic by Desmond Stewart (Chapman & Hall, 21s.) is the first volume of what is promised as a trilogy of novels concerned with Empire-building and Empire-losing. The present venture spans the years between 1890 and 1918. I should like to think that the completed edifice would be impressive, but in all honesty I must report affected writing and unconvincing people... **The Cricket Match** by Paul Chadburn (Coole Book Service, 15s.) is a vigorously written poem about an eight-a-side match in Shropshire. It is not for the politer reader or the romantic cricket watcher, but as a bit of Shropshire life in the crude I rate it good indeed.

Feetwarmers' tracks of 1941.

In the late '20s the saxophones started to play a big role in orchestral jazz (e.g. Ellington, Fletcher Henderson) and the tenor saxophone emerged as an important voice in the hands of Coleman Hawkins and others. One of the great pace-setters in the '30s was Lester Young, whose work with Basie and other small groups is legendary. **The Great Lester Young** (Liberty) provides two volumes of his work recorded between 1945 and 1947, that I regard as his best period. For most of his life he was a prophet before his time, and never achieved the full acceptance that has come so much more readily to men like Hawkins and Ben Webster. He took great care to avoid playing the obvious, and adopted a tone and style that were quite clearly different from those of his contemporaries. His work remains as testimony of one of the great individualists of jazz, and close to that of Charlie Parker in the development of the sax as a solo instrument.

October Woman (Argo) brings to the scene the Michael Garrick quintet and with it one of the most significant reed voices in England today, that of alto-saxophonist Joe Harriott. This music, again, is a long step forward from that of Young, but retains the basic idea of smooth cool sounds and the avoidance of the obvious. Michael Garrick is clearly an accomplished pianist, with leanings towards John Lewis,

but with a shared delight in the exploration of free form as you will hear in *Anthem*. An album issued earlier this year catches the Joe Harriott quintet in **High Spirits** (Columbia), pleasant in its concept, but I have the impression that both Joe and Shake Kean on trumpet are rather "playing down" to their audience, instead of unfolding their story in the way they do when playing in the abstract medium. Special mention should be made of pianist Pat Smythe, always at ease, who contributed the arrangements for this set of records.

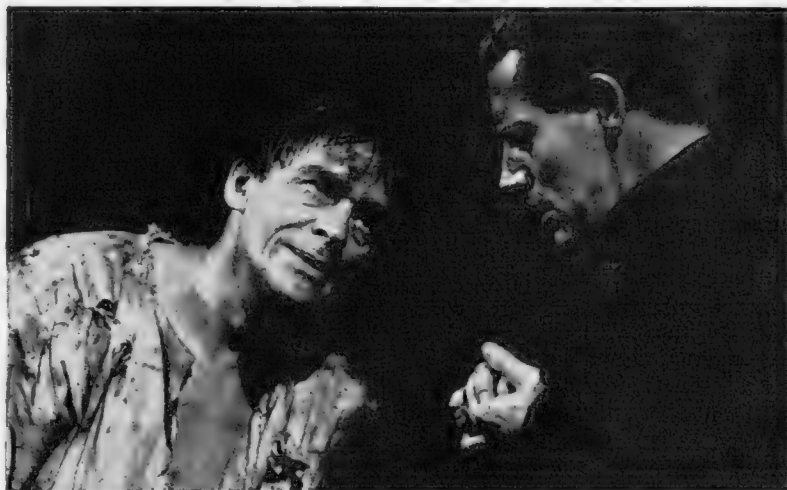
To round off this saga of reeds, there is John Coltrane, best known for his controversial work on tenor saxophone in the past six or seven years. **Tanganyika Strut** (Realm) provides examples from his work in 1958, when he was supported by men of stature in their own right, and he was far from being the dominant star he is today. His clean, clear-cut phrasing, and the extension of ideas he displays here are so very much more acceptable to me than the ideas he exposes on soprano saxophone, as well as tenor, in **My Favourite Things** (Atlantic). Quite apart from the fact that he sometimes hardens the sound to match that of the oboe, he plays so many extraneous phrases that succeed only in the figment of his own imagination, rather than belonging to the theme he is playing. There seems, indeed, to be no limit to the way a reed may be bent in the wind.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / As reeds bent in the wind

People who have followed the development of jazz over the past 30 years will be conscious of the tremendous developments that have been made in the technique applied to the reed instruments, a family tree that embraces both the woodwinds and saxophones. For those who have joined the fray in the interim period, it is as well to be reminded that the clarinet was the dominant solo instrument in this field until about 1930. A typical example is Jimmie Noone's **Jazz at the Apex Club** (Ace of Hearts),

the music of New Orleans and Chicago moulded into one at that great meeting of the ways in the '20s. Both Noone and Johnny Dodds and Sidney Bechet helped to pioneer the warm stimulating sound, with its strong vibrato, and there is none better than Bechet of **New Orleans** (RCA Victor) to define this music, using both clarinet and soprano saxophone for his illustrations. The music is culled from various historic sessions, including the Jelly Roll Morton recordings of 1939, and Sidney's own New Orleans



Paul Scofield as Timon and Tony Church as Flavius in John Schlesinger's production of *Timon of Athens*, now in Repertory at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Partial eclipse

Until comparatively recently, when we talked about the Impressionists, most of us thought only of Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and the other great masters of

the movement, but during the past few years dealers, faced with a shortage of quality works by these great ones, have done themselves and us the

Continued from page 133

service of discovering or re-discovering dozens of Impressionist painters many of whom were *minor* masters only by comparison with the giants who inspired them.

Earlier this year, in an exhibition called *The Rim of Impressionism*, Tooth's gathered together an eye-opening group of choice works by Armand Guillaumin, Albert Lebourg, Gustave Loiseau, Maximilien Luce, Henri Martin, Maxime Maufra, Pierre Montezin, Henry Moret and Henri Lebasque. The Kaplan Gallery, too, has shown the work of most of these men and of others less well known, like Luigini and Renoux.

Even so, there are still dozens of unusually gifted artists who were part of the first or second waves of Impressionism but whose work is only now beginning to get the sort of notice it deserves. This neglect is not always the fault of a blind public or even of villainous dealers. The "Australian Impressionist" John Peter Russell (a major exhibition of whose work is now at Wildenstein's), for example, was too well off to need to sell his paintings and was reluctant to exhibit them. He preferred to exchange them for pictures by his friends. In Van Gogh's *Letters* we find the Dutchman, who had been painting fruit trees in blossom, offering one of his pictures in return for a Sicilian orchard scene by Russell that he admired.

Russell was born in Sydney, the son of a prosperous iron founder, in 1858. He studied watercolour painting briefly at a local art school but did not take up art seriously till he was in his early 20's when, his father having died, he sold his interest in the family business and came to London and enrolled at the Slade School. In 1884 he moved to Paris, to Cormon's School where Van Gogh, Lautrec and Emile Bernard were among his fellow students. He was soon the

centre of a wide circle of artists and students who valued his company and his opinions.

Van Gogh, of whom he painted the fine portrait now at Wildenstein's on loan from Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum, frequently sought his advice. Monet, Rodin, Sisley all treated him as an equal. Monet, whom he met at Belle-Ile, Brittany, in 1886, and with whom he became very friendly, once said that he preferred Russell's painting to his own. Russell seems inclined to have agreed with him for in a letter to Van Gogh he criticised some of Monet's work as "very fine in colour and light... but like nearly all the so-called impressionist work the form is not studied enough." Yet in the present exhibition, which covers the whole of his painting life, from his arrival in Paris to his return as an old man to Sydney, where he died in 1931, it is those paintings which most clearly show the influence of Monet that have become most memorable.

Monet also had a considerable influence on the later work of Clémentine Ballot, an Impressionist of a later generation than Russell's, who died only last year and is now posthumously honoured with an exhibition at the Madden Galleries. But the most powerful influence on Madame Ballot during the period 1912-1918 covered by the paintings in this show was Guillaumin. He was 70 (a year younger than Monet) when she met him in 1912. She was 32 and already producing pictures that moved one critic to compare her work with "that of Seurat, of Le Sidaner, of Henri Martin, in its depth of luminosity and its compositional layout; but avoiding the more systematic impressionism of Cross, Signac and their colleagues."

The pictures in this exhibition, most of them painted alongside Guillaumin in the open air in Crozant, on the River Creuze, must, however, surely be among the finest that she produced.

For at least two-thirds of its 240 pages of text, the book makes gripping reading — few things being more entertaining than the fraught business of opera management. Mr. Hughes' writing is vivacious, witty, informed and, above all, critical. This is no slavish paean of praise to one eccentrically English project that succeeded beyond belief to set world standards in—of all things—opera. Performances are criticized, mistakes in administration noticed, differences of opinion charted and, for every apocryphal story denied, another anecdote—valuable for its undoubted truth—seems to have been found.

Though the contribution of everyone connected with Glyndebourne's maturing is noted, the guiding spirit of Fritz Busch (to whom the book is dedicated) emerges in strength. Also, of course, the stern devoted figure of John Christie, deadpan in his comments to the press and wide-eyed admirers, prejudiced against all sorts of unpredictable things, including opera sung in French, author of trenchant notes and notices. In a sense the book is a tribute to one man's dedication and determination to realize an alarming vision.

It is not Spike Hughes' fault that this book loses some of its initial impact in the closing phases, but the fault of Glyndebourne's own success. A history of strain and tension is unfortunately more interesting than a record of continuing success. The later chapters can, inevitably, do little more than record a series of triumphs, enlivened here and there by notes of structural alterations to the house.

No one looks twice at the opera-goers on Victoria Station today, and there is a danger that Glyndebourne, too, is becoming taken for granted. Mr. Hughes' book reminds us forcibly that it is to Glyndebourne that we owe thanks for revealing, at a crucial stage in operatic history, the immense virtues of long and careful rehearsal, of ensemble playing, of good production and of intelligent design.

The second new production this season is of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, a potent presentation that makes one wonder why on earth it has remained so resolutely unplayed for so long—it has not been heard in London since 1871, nor (until the famous La Scala revival with Callas in 1957) in Italy since 1881. The Glyndebourne performance, like the Scala

one, was prepared and conducted by the Donizetti expert Gianandrea Gavazzeni, who revealed a warmth, colour and drama in the music and a maturity in the handling of accompanied recitative that in some places matches the later Verdi.

The opera is simply constructed (libretto by Felice Romani) in six scenes relating events (suitably spiced with fiction) leading up to the execution of Anne Boleyn. It is perhaps too easy to see the work as a mere vehicle for two dramatic sopranos (Anna herself and her rival Jane Seymour, now usually cast as a mezzo for contrast), but the work shows a much greater sense of vocal balance than say, *Lucia*. It has several splendid choruses and profitable roles for Henry, Anna's brother Lord Rochford, and a Lord Richard Percy (a fictional figure).

Franco Enríquez' production is static and simple, but suggests the unease in palaces dominated by a raging monarch, and Lorenzo Ghiglia's designs are gloomy, but again suitable for the doomy quality of the work. The controversial Turkish soprano Leyla Gencer made a handsome Anna, conveying a resigned sadness in her bearing. Her voice has been described as rough; while I can understand what is meant by this, I find the quality thrilling and her outburst *Judice, giudice* in the first act finale produced the authentic *frisson* peculiar to opera. Patricia Johnson, a fast-developing English mezzo, made a soft-grained Jane Seymour, though in the context of this opera I feel she could have been more triumphant, less cringing—after all, catching the King must have been something rather clever.

In my notice of Glyndebourne's production of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (2 June) I attributed the part of Carolina to another singer. It was performed, delightfully, by Miss Margherita Rinaldi. My apologies to both ladies.

It was amusing—in a wry way—to find Marie Collier described as a housewife from Cookham in various newspapers when she took over the Garden *Tosca* series from the indisposed Callas. She has made herself one of the leading exponents of modern dramatic roles and next week appears in the first British stage production of Prokofiev's opera *The Angel of Fire* at Sadler's Wells. A New Opera Company Production, the cast includes John Shaw and it will be conducted by Leon Lovett.

on opera

J. Roger Baker / Biography of an opera house

Thirty-two summers ago, on 28 May 1934, the first Glyndebourne-bound travellers assembled sensationally in mid-afternoon and evening dress at Victoria Station. They heard *Le nozze di Figaro*: for many it was their first experience of this opera in Italian;

for all it was their first experience of seeing attractive women on the operatic stage. It was an instant success. This first night is recalled in attentive detail in a hefty biography of the opera house, called simply, *Glyndebourne*, by Spike Hughes (Methuen, 4 gns.).

HOW TO GET THOSE HAPPY FEET

Good looks by Evelyn Forbes

When you consider that the average housewife, going about her daily duties, walks about eleven miles a day, you will realise how important it is to pamper the feet. Chiropodists say that most of the unhappy feet they encounter are due to ill-fitting shoes. Certainly far too many of us buy shoes without making absolutely sure that they are a perfect fit. Even if you know your correct size, it is wise to try on both shoes and walk about in them before buying them. They should be immediately comfortable. Finally see if you can spread the toes fanwise in them and that there is a breathing space between the sides of your feet and the inside of the shoe.

A frequent cause of foot trouble is the habit of wearing mules or slippers while running round the house instead of putting on a pair of shoes that support the feet. Wearing the same pair of shoes all day also puts a strain on the feet and keen dancers find that if they change into a second pair of pumps half way through the evening they can dance until dawn.

There are three ways of strengthening easily tired feet. The first is to start the day by holding each foot in turn under the cold water tap for a few seconds before drying it and rubbing it with Eau de Cologne, Eau de Toilette or surgical spirit. The second is to end the day with a foot massage. Rose Laird makes a particularly good foot balm that costs 7s. Massage the feet with this, working from toes to ankle and rubbing the sole of the foot with the heel of the hand. Thirdly, find time to do a few foot exercises at odd moments during the day. Here are the three most effective ones:

1. With the feet dangling, pull up the toes and push heels down gently and slowly. Now push toes down and pull heels up



strongly and sharply, pointing the toes like a ballet dancer.

2. Walk round the room first on tip toes and then on the outside edge of the feet with the toes pointing straight ahead.

3. Stretch the toes and then contract them while arching the feet.

Even normally good-tempered feet will become hot, tired and swollen during hot weather. Scholl have just introduced an aerosol foot spray that can be sprayed upon the feet without removing the stockings and is instantly cooling and comforting. It costs 7s. 6d. from all Scholl foot shops.

If your feet are really uncomfortable, visit a chiropodist. A treatment plus expert advice costs from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. according to the locality and the ensuring comfort makes it a real beauty treatment. Pedicures are not as popular as they should be but once the feet have been made really pretty it is quite easy to keep them that way.

A pedicure is as simple to give as a manicure and the same procedure is followed except that, after soaking, the feet should be rubbed with a pumice stone to remove hard skin. Rolls of tissue or cotton wool must be placed between each toe to prevent nail varnish from smudging. Pressure marks can be removed by giving the feet a mask treatment with the same pack you use for your face.

BEAUTY FLASH

During the next few weeks Guerlain are selling a compact box containing all the skin-care preparations needed for a two week holiday. This costs 21s. and contains Demaquillant Fluide, Aromatic Lotion, Super-Nourishing Cream and for normal skins with an oily tendency Special Cream No. 1, while for skins with a dry tendency the box contains the first three preparations and also Creme Reductrice.

Dudley Noble / Seventy trial runs

MOTORING

TRIUMPH 2000



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

A car that has built up a high reputation among owners for its all-round excellence in a short space of time is the Triumph 2000. This may be due in part to the ingenious manner in which potential buyers were "sampled" before the actual launching of the model on the market at the beginning of last year. A cross-section of the type of motorist to whom such a car should appeal was asked to drive one for a period over their everyday route and report back to the makers.

In all there were 40 trial cars lent to 70 different persons, and the results were informative. Everyone liked the manoeuvrability, for instance, the fact that a complete turn between kerbs only 30 feet apart could be made. Most found the road-holding praiseworthy, also the driver comfort and visibility from behind the wheel. Less approved were the fuel economy and silence of the engine, and there were various comments that gave the Triumph company's engineers furiously to think.

This was, however, the main object of the survey—the discovering of faults that had not occurred in the factory's testing of prototypes—and the sort of energetic action one would

expect from an organization under the control of Sir Donald Stokes followed. At least I can vouch for the fact that not one solitary letter of complaint from a buyer of a Triumph 2000 has reached me, and those of us who write about motor cars are accustomed to receiving a crop of them where new models are concerned.

Now that a version with automatic transmission is available, and the growing popularity of this is increasingly obvious, I have been giving one a run over my usual test route, taking in several hundreds of miles of variegated country and road conditions. The first thing I liked about it was the placing of the control lever (whereby you tell the Borg-Warner transmission which way you want the car to go) in the same centre floor position as an ordinary gearlever.

This is so much more convenient than having it just under the steering wheel; the short-stick selector needs only very little movement from the straight up (neutral) position to either forward drive (one notch back) or reverse (one notch forward). If you want to hold intermediate when climbing twisty hills you bring the selector back a further notch

and top gear will not engage itself; if you want to overtake when driving along normally in top, you push the foot hard down on the accelerator pedal and intermediate gear instantly comes into play.

Full throttle gearchanges take place automatically at about 65 m.p.h. (intermediate to top) and maximum speed I found to be a little above 90; you can "kick down" from top to intermediate at about 55 m.p.h. Normally the gearchanges are smooth and virtually imperceptible at light throttle openings; they are naturally more abrupt at higher power, but I never felt any real jerkiness.

This smooth performance makes the Triumph 2000 a really pleasing car to handle, combined as it is with road-holding which, thanks to the four-wheel independent suspension, imparts a feeling of assurance no matter the roughness of the surface. There is one particular section of my test route that brings faults in steering and suspension very much to the fore; the Triumph behaved really superbly on it.

As to the engine (it is a development of the six-cylinder unit once fitted in the

Standard Vanguard), very few two-litres can match it for smoothness combined with power (90 b.h.p.), but I would have liked the action of the starter to be quieter.

Fuel consumption, of course, depends to a certain extent upon the way the car is driven, but under all circumstances it would vary between about 22 and 29 m.p.g. Automatic transmission does militate somewhat against the best consumption being obtained, but on the average most owners could expect to get 25 m.p.g. Premium grade is necessary, the engine having a fairly high compression ratio (9 to 1).

The interior of the car seems to have been given an atmosphere of more luxury since I tried one of the original models; the facia panel looks more elegant and there is a black leathercloth covering to prevent reflections in the screen. Seating is comfortable, both front and back, and an adjustable backrest helps the driver to find the most suitable position at the wheel. The luggage boot is fairly roomy, with more depth to it than at first seems possible. At £1,214, inclusive of automatic transmission, I rate this Triumph as a good buy.

MAN'S WORLD

Jason Cassels / Cut and come again

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that a man cannot look elegant in ready-made clothes; merely that he would look more elegant in clothes made by us." Thus one of Savile Row's most colourful personalities, Louis Stanbury. But with a twinkle that hints of diplomacy.

Diplomacy is a valuable tool of his craft. Perhaps the most valuable. And, as a Hungarian-born, ex-French *poilu* who has established himself at the peak of a calling in which the British are the world's masters, it must come easily to him.

He is the most elegant of bespoke tailoring's topechelon; his shirt is pleated, his cuffs slightly flared, his jacket pleated. The touch of colour at his lapel is the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre—won for a 1940 recce behind German lines from which he brought back a couple of prisoners at the point of a knife—his only weapon.

His suit is unmistakably English. But the vehemence with which he emphasizes his belief that Savile Row is the unassailable stronghold of the world's best tailoring is underlined by a Gallic lift of the shoulders and spreading of the

hands.

One suspects that his customers are attracted as much by his personality as by his suits. That, however, is a bonus, for he is unequivocal in stating that his £75 suit gives them full value.

"They get the finest materials, and the finest craftsmanship. And we make a man look the man he wants the world to see him as: the broad shouldered, deep-chested, great lover he knows himself to be." Tailoring a suit is easy, he claims. "I could cut one for a camel." (He *did* once make a vicuna jacket for a customer's dog.) "Anyone can cut a suit from one of my patterns," he says. One of his packers did, and sewed it too—with no previous experience. "And it was a damn sight better than some I've seen," says Louis.

But the real trick is sizing up and expressing a man's character and compensating for his physical shortcomings. Here, the bespoke suit scores over even the best of the ready-mades. For it can hide a dropped shoulder (everyone has one, even *you*, Hercules), suggest a fuller chest, hide a

premature tummy or a lagging behind. Not that the customer is allowed to know what miracles of surgery are being performed on him. ("I never tell him, he might be insulted.") Nevertheless, he is steered gently away from anything that would defeat the purpose of the exercise.

At this early stage Louis' diplomacy frequently reinforces that of the front shop salesman. And a formidable persuasive force this makes. For the salesmen are hand-picked and carefully groomed. Before the war they were Oxford and Cambridge-educated and even today it is difficult to separate them from the customers.

Louis finds out who introduced the customer (though one no longer *has* to have an introduction), what he does and something about his interests. Then the cutter likely to interpret his requirements best is assigned to him.

"Each cutter puts his individual stamp on a suit. We have ten—most places have only one or two—and so have a better chance of matching customer and cutter precisely."

Naturally, at his prices, most of his customers have "arrived" and might be expected to bristle at a mere tailor trying to coerce them, however diplomatically, into accepting some-

thing they did not think they wanted. Not so. "The greater the man, the easier he is to please. He recognizes that I, too, am used to making decisions and he accepts my authority."

But difficult customers usually find that Louis wins in the end. One cantankerous chap quibbled all along the line about a £95 dinner suit. When he eventually decided it was "perfect" he had the chastening experience of hearing Louis say it was a mess—while chopping it gaily in two with a pair of cutting shears. Another was advised, on being eventually satisfied: "Look after it, sir, because I'll never make you another."

But, for all the pleasure and pride he derives from his work, he does not deny that a frustrated artist lurks inside him. His customers are mostly conservative and he regrets the absence of young clients. Rarely are they introduced by their fathers as they used to be. Perhaps this explains the abstract pictures he tailors in cloth. An exhibition of them is to be staged in a West End gallery later this year.

If this portrait of the artist as a craftsman whets your appetite for a Savile Row suit, act quickly. For in 10 years' time it will cost you £300, predicts Louis.

Weddings



Walker-Pope: Cynthia Margaret, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Walker, of The Green Cottage, Haughton, near Tarporley, Cheshire, was married to Anthony, only son of Col. & Mrs. A. V. Pope, of Cleaves Cliff, Preston, near Weymouth



Steinberg-de Gunzburg: Kathrine, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Steinberg, of Portland Place, W.1, was married to Jean-Louis, son of Baron Guy de Gunzburg and Baronne Jacqueline de Gunzburg, of New York and Paris



Nye-Heathcoat-Amory: Harriet Mary Sheila, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald & Lady Nye, of Alderstone House, White-parish, Salisbury, was married to Michael Fitzgerald, son of the late Major E. F. Heathcoat-Amory, and of Mrs. Roderick Heathcoat-Amory, of Oswaldkirk Hall, York



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DINING IN

Helen Burke / The off-beat vegetables

Again and again, I find myself remarking on the importance of personal shopping. Even if it is only once in a while, it can be enormously rewarding. For instance, for some time now I have known of a Mr. E. Jordache, whose Bloomsbury shop specializes in unusual vegetables, fruits and salads. Now I am pleased to say that, though Mr. Jordache's shop at 37 Museum Street remains mainly wholesale, anyone can go there till 2.30 p.m. and get foreign vegetables and fruits at retail prices.

If you have enjoyed SUGAR PEAS (*Mange Tout*) on the Continent and never come across them here, now is the opportunity to get some while they are still at the best of their season. I have bought them in previous years, more or less at random, but they have not been young enough to be eaten whole, pods and all, which is the point of this delicious vegetable.

Mr. Jordache picked a pound and a half of these peas for me and every one was perfect. “Eat all” (*mange tout*), as you are supposed, to, but even the very young peas have to be topped and tailed. If the seeds have become as large as our baby peas—that is, large enough to make rounded impressions in the pods—the peas are getting old and no longer worth their cost. And they are expensive. The ones I bought cost 10s. a pound.

Top and tail them, at the same time pulling off side strings. Wash the peas. Cover them with boiling water, add a little salt, and boil them for 10 to 12 minutes. Drain and dot with butter. *Larousse Gastronomique* suggests breaking the peas in half, but I prefer them whole. For one thing, they look better. It is also suggested that any recipe for ordinary peas can be used for these sugar ones; they would be excellent as *Petits Pois Française*—that is, with tiny whole onions and lettuce.

The next interesting vegetable is little round courgettes the size of golf balls. When they are ripe, there is no need to give them any preliminary cooking, as one usually does for courgettes. And there is no need to peel them. For four servings, allow eight, wipe them over with a damp cloth, cut a thin slice off the stem end of each and, with a tea-

spoon, remove any seeds. Fill the cavities to overflowing with the following risotto.

For all stuffed vegetables, I like to make a risotto for another meal and save enough of it for this purpose. To start from scratch, melt a teaspoon or so of butter or butter and oil. Add a tablespoon of Italian Arboreo, Vialone or other suitable risotto rice and toss it about over heat till it looks chalky but not coloured. Add a finely chopped small onion or a slice of a larger one and enough water or stock to cover. Let these cook together. When the liquid is absorbed, add a little more and continue to cook till the rice is done.

Add two tablespoons of any chopped cooked meat. I used veal, but canned pork or cooked sausage will do. You might also add a chopped mushroom, first cooked in a little butter. Season the mixture to taste.

If you have cooked a smoked haddock, save a little to be used in the filling in place of meat. Another addition to the filling could be a dot of tubed tomato purée. Also, if you like garlic, squeeze the juice from a small clove or half a clove of it through a press into the rice while it is cooking. Venturesome cooks will think up alternative fillings or additions.

Pile the stuffing well up on the courgettes. Put on their “lids” and tie them like a parcel. Place them in one layer in an oven-dish and baste them with a little melted butter or butter and oil. Add a teaspoon or so of water or stock to the dish, cover and bake for 30 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7. Or remove the lid halfway through the cooking and let them colour a little.

Another import from France is those large rather squat many-divisioned tomatoes. I do not think they have the flavour of our best Guernsey and other home-grown tomatoes, but they are ideal for stuffing. The above risotto can be used. Cut a slice off each of four tomatoes and remove the flesh. Rub it through a sieve and add the purée to the other mixture.

Fill the tomatoes well up with the stuffing. Sprinkle each fairly generously with grated Parmesan, and dot with a little butter. Place side by side in a shallow tin and bake for 30 minutes, uncovered, at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6.

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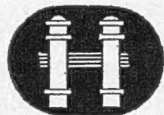
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